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THE GRAHAMS AND THE ARMSTRONGS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XII.

FEAR, if there had been no other motive, was strong enough in the mind of Mrs. Armstrong to induce her to keep Jim off of the street for many days after the occurrences we have narrated. She was in constant dread of the policeman's appearance to carry him off to the House of Refuge; and the boy, sharing, in his degree, her fears, had little inclination to go beyond the threshold of his own door.

Lucy Graham went in to see Mrs. Armstrong early on the morning following that evening of alarm and excitement. She found her at work, with Jim sitting on the floor, busy cutting a block of wood into some shape seen in his boyish imagination. The woman's face brightened with a look of pleasure, as she turned from her work and hastily wiped off the dust from a wooden chair with her apron, before offering it to her visitor.

There was considerable alteration in the boy's appearance. His shirt and trousers were clean, the grimey look of his sun-browned skin had given place, under a good application of soap and water, to a clear, though bronzed exterior, through which the ruddy flush of health came glowing richly. His hair, that curled naturally, had been brushed and combed with something of motherly pride, and now lay wavy and thick above his wide forehead, and lifting itself airily away from his temples. Jim was a handsome boy; and on this morning he looked his best.

"I'm glad to see you in the house, Jim," said Lucy, speaking very kindly to the boy, whose large eyes, dancing with light, were fixed on her beautiful face. "Did you dream of me again last night?"

Jim dropped his block and knife on the floor, and, getting up, came and stood by Lucy's

side. The act seemed more from impulse than thought—as if a kind of magnetism had drawn him towards her.

"Did you dream of me again last night?" Lucy repeated the question.

"Yes." The boy's serious face was evidence to his truthful reply.

"You did?" Lucy had not expected an affirmative. She had asked the question because it came into her thoughts, and for the purpose of drawing him out.

"Yes, a good many times," he answered.

"What did you dream of me?"

"I thought I was drowning, and you came and pulled me out of the water."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; and the I thought I was falling out of a window, and you stood down below and caught me in your arms."

"Then I was the good angel of your dreams," said Lucy, touched by the child's words and the expression of his face as he looked at her with almost as much wondering reverence as if he were indeed gazing at an angel. He did not reply, for he had no words by which to express what was crowding in upon his mind.

"Our waking dangers are far more to be dreaded than our sleeping ones, Jim. In sleep, God takes care of us; but when awake, we go so far away from Him, by disobedience and wickedness, that He cannot always protect us from harm. You need an angel to save you from evil in the daytime more than in the night."

Jim's face was very sober. He was trying to comprehend Lucy; but his thoughts reached her meaning obscurely.

Lucy added—"I think I must become your day angel."

Light became radiant in the little brown

face, that expressed wonder, doubt, bewilderment, and pleasure. But still the child remained silent.

"Shall I?" asked Lucy.

"Will you?" The tone was eager, almost fluttering. Just what Lucy meant was not clearly understood by Jim; but he felt that for her to be his angel must involve some higher good than he had ever known.

"If you will let me," said Lucy.

"If I'll let you?" His clear, deep eyes, into which Lucy was gazing, half-wonderingly, seemed to open away down deeper.

"If you go in the street with bad boys, I cannot be your angel; for then you will get so far away from me that I cannot protect you from harm."

"I wont go in the street with bad boys," answered Jim, promptly. "Mother knows I aint going any more," and he looked around at his mother, who nodded an assent. "I told father and mother both, this morning, that I'd never do so any more. Father's going to get me a little saw and chisel, so that I can make things; and mother says I may work in the room with her, if I don't make too much noise and dirt."

Lucy lifted her eyes to the face of Mrs. Armstrong, and gave her a look of approval.

"I'm right glad to hear this," she said, speaking to Jim. "And now I want to know if you can read?"

Jim's face grew a little clouded.

"I know my letters," he answered, dropping his eyes to the floor, in conscious shame at his ignorance.

"Can't you spell?"

"No." The word came out hesitatingly.

"He's never been to school," said Mrs. Armstrong.

"Would you like to know how to read?"

Jim's face brightened again as he looked up and answered—"Yes, indeed."

"Then, if I'm to be your good angel," said Lucy, smiling, "I must begin my office by teaching you to read. I'll fix an hour for you to come in and see me every day, when I expect to find you one of my best scholars."

"But you don't keep school?" Jim's large eyes opened wider than ever.

"Not a day school; but I have a class of Sunday scholars, and some of them are the nicest little boys and girls you ever saw. Would you like to go to Sunday-school, and be in my class?"

"Oh, my! It would be grand!" And the excited little fellow struck his palms together, while his face glowed as if sunbeams were play-

ing over it. But his manner suddenly changed, and the light went out of his countenance. His eyes fell upon his coarse, meagre garments. Lucy understood him, and looked at Mrs. Armstrong.

"We'll try and get him better clothes," said his mother, who also understood the child. I'll talk to his father about it when he comes home. Ah, if you'll only take him into your Sunday-school class, we'll stint ourselves in everything but that he shall have decent clothes to wear. I'll work half the night, if it can't be done in any other way."

"That is spoken like a true mother," said Lucy; "keep to your word, and all will come out well. Jim will grow up into a good and useful man, a credit to society, and a blessing to his parents. But remember," added Lucy, lowering her voice so that it reached only the ear of Mrs. Armstrong, "that all depends on you and his father. Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. Lead him in the ways of virtue, order, honesty, and usefulness, and he will abide in them when he reaches manhood."

Then speaking louder, so that the boy could hear, she said—"Around the corner, beyond where I live, there is a handsome house, with an arched doorway, and a head cut in the centre of the arch. Have you noticed it?"

"Yes," "yes," Both Mrs. Armstrong and Jim knew the house.

"The name on the door-plate is Argyle. But Jim can't read door-plates yet. No matter; he'll soon be able to read them, I'm thinking. It will only take a few lessons. Well, I spoke of the house around the corner. What would you think, Mrs. Armstrong, of one day living in a house like that? You smile at the question as absurd. Stranger things have happened, and are happening every day. You pass there often?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever notice an old lady sitting at the window?"

"Often."

"That is Mr. Argyle's mother. Let me tell you about her. Forty years ago, she was left a widow, in this city, without money, and with one little boy to support. Now, that was being a great deal worse off than you are, Mrs. Armstrong, for you have a husband who gets wages every week. Mrs. Argyle loved that orphan boy very tenderly; and her love made her seek for him the highest attainable good. She lived in a single room, and worked at shoe-binding, shirt-making, and vest-making, just as she

could get employment. Little Edward was early taught by her to read. From the very first dawn of reason she had lifted his feebly moving thoughts to God, for she knew that this was the way to bring the best influences around him. When God is in a child's thoughts, then angels come nearer to him, and fill his mind with good desires. Nightly, before his head was laid on his pillow, she made him kneel down, and, with clasped hands, repeat some little prayer. Now, the poorest mother in the land may do this much for her child."

Lucy paused, to let Mrs. Armstrong's mind dwell a moment on what she had said. Then she resumed—"Edward never played in the street with bad boys. There was a neighbor, living in the same house, who had a boy nearly Edward's age; a good boy, because his mother had loved him well enough to guard him from evil, and lead him towards good. He was Edward's companion, and they played together, sometimes in Mrs. Argyle's room, sometimes in the room of the little boy's mother, and sometimes they were permitted to run around the block for exercise, or to walk together in the Park, which was not far off. Both mothers kept their boys clean, as all mothers may and should do; and though their clothes were of poor material, yet being always nicely mended when torn, and kept in good order, they did not look like the rough, common brood of vicious boys we see in the street, and so were not spoken to or tempted by them.

"Mrs. Argyle was very watchful over her son, lest any evil habits should grow upon him. In its very beginning, she sought to remove everything that looked towards vice. After he was eight years old she sent him to school—she had been his only instructor before that—and kept him there until he was thirteen. Then she got a place for him in a store, and received one dollar and a half each week for his services. He was a smart boy—not smarter, I am sure, than this boy of yours—and soon, by his intelligence, promptness, faithfulness, and industry, so gained the good will of the store-keeper, that he advanced his wages to two dollars and a half, weekly. Then it rose to three dollars a week, then to four, five, six, and at last to seven.

"On reaching the age of twenty-one years, Edward was so skilled in everything relating to the business, that he commanded a salary of eight hundred dollars. Ah, that was a glad day for his mother, when her dutiful son removed her from the poor home in which she had lived and struggled for years, and made

her the mistress of a small, but neatly furnished house.

"Steadily Mr. Argyle went on and prospered. At twenty-three he was receiving fifteen hundred dollars a year, as salesman in a large establishment on Pearl street, and at twenty-five became a partner. He is now a rich merchant, and a good citizen; and his mother, once poorer than you are, lives with him in that elegant house I spoke of, around the corner.

"Now, there is no good reason," added Lucy, placing her hand on the head of Jim, who stood drinking in her words, "why your boy should not rise in the world, just as Edward Argyle did. Think of it, Mrs. Armstrong," she said, after a pause. "Jim has a mind that, if instructed, will grow stronger and brighter every day. If he keeps free from all bad companions, reads good books as soon as he learns to read, and tries to do right, he will be an honor and a blessing to you. I shouldn't at all wonder, if I'm spared long enough, to see him living as elegantly as Mr. Argyle now lives. Most of our rich merchants were poor boys once, and there is nothing in the way of your son's advancement, as he grows up, but neglect, idleness, and vicious company; these are what ruin so many. If parents were faithful in all things to their children, the poorest as well as the richest, want, vice, crime, and destitution, would soon disappear. Neglected childhood is sure to make an imperfect manhood. See to it, then, Mrs. Armstrong, that no sin lies at your door."

"Wont you come in when Matty is at home?" said Mrs. Armstrong, as Lucy was going away. "Oh, I would so like him to hear you talk; I can't tell him half what you've said, though I understand it all."

Lucy promised, and then passed with light steps homeward. There was a great deal more on her mind to be said to Mrs. Armstrong—a great deal more to be reformed than she had even hinted at; but she had done quite enough for this visit. To have gone for the present beyond the plain question of duty to Jim, would have bewildered or discouraged her.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the same day, the boy came to Lucy and received his first lesson. He was cleanly dressed, as in the morning, his hands and face free from soil, and his hair combed neatly. You would not have known him for the dirty, neglected child you saw going out on the day before, to take his usual course of instruction

in the street school; and yet, the time that it took Mrs. Armstrong to effect this great change in his exterior, was not missed in her day's employment. Nay, she accomplished more through that little investment of time, for motherly pride in her boy, as a fairer and truer image of him took its place in her mind, gave a pleasant glow to her features, and caused her hands to move quicker in their work.

"Jim is a handsome boy," she said proudly to herself, as she shut the door, after standing and looking after him on the occasion of his first visit to Lucy for instruction. "As handsome a boy as you'll pick up in a thousand. He's bright, too—bright as a dollar."

And then her imagination wrought out a picture of his future that set every pulse to a freer measure. Lucy had touched the right chord. That story of Mr. Argyle's early poverty, and successful manhood, had turned her thoughts in a better direction, stimulated her hopes in the future, and invested Jim with a new importance. What was to hinder her boy from becoming a rich man. The way was just as clear for him as it had been for Mrs. Argyle's son.

"It shall be no fault of mine," she said to herself, pausing in her work, and standing in an attitude of thought, as golden images crowded the future into which she was looking. "I can do for him just as much as Mrs. Argyle did for her boy; and I'll do it."

Then she began to recall the story told her by Lucy, in all its particulars. Why has a sober hue fallen over her countenance, so animated just now? Was that a sigh? Yes, a low sigh, and it came from the heart. Mrs. Argyle, from the first dawn of reason in her child, lifted his feebly moving thoughts to God—so the story ran—for she knew that this was the way to bring the best influences around him. Nightly, before his head was laid on his pillow, she made him kneel down, and with clasped hands, repeat some little prayer. Now it forced itself on the almost unwilling mind of Mrs. Armstrong, that the beginning was essential to the great results; but how was she to commence, now, with a motherly duty neglected for so many years?

Her imagination brought up vividly the approaching evening, when the bed-time of her boy would come round, and she must do her first Christian duty for him, or abandon that already deeply grounded hope in the future; for somehow, it was taking the shape of a conviction in her mind, that if Jim was ever to reach the high position now occupied by Mr.

Argyle, he must begin where he had begun, in drawing near to the Lord as a child, in nightly prayer for protection and blessing. How was she to begin at this late day? How was she, who never lifted a thought upward, to teach her child to pray? Then her own bad temper, so often displayed before the boy; the use, in his presence, of irreverent, and, sometimes, of profane language; her harsh, unmotherly conduct on so many occasions, all these arose in her thoughts as barriers to duty. It seemed to her impossible, now, to begin what should have been done so many years before.

Mrs. Armstrong resumed her work again; but with lagging hands and a burdened mind. Jim's future did not look so bright, there was a cloud over the pleasant landscape imagination had painted. Suddenly a chasm between the present and the future had opened just by her feet, and unless that were bridged over, she saw no certain way in which her child could walk. Thus it now appeared.

Jim, after spending an hour with Lucy Graham, came home, entering with a springy step, and a face on which a new expression glowed. He looked handsomer, in his mother's eyes, than when he left to take his first lesson with his young instructress. In his hand was a book, in which he was to study, and prepare himself for the next afternoon's visit to Lucy. Play was not in all his thoughts. He sat down with his book in his hand, and went diligently to work, putting letter to letter and forming words, which he pronounced with unusual correctness. Mrs. Armstrong listened, as he conned his lesson aloud, earnest and absorbed as he always was in everything that interested him, with a new feeling for her boy; a feeling in which was an element of respect, as though he had grown all at once wiser, more observant, and of more consequence in the world.

Jim was still at his lessons when the darkness came down, and his father returned. That day had been for Matty Armstrong a soberer one than he had spent for a long time. The events of the last evening had startled him to a conviction of danger, like the sudden pealing of a fire-bell at midnight. He had felt keenly the rebuking words of Mr. Graham, and saw that in neglecting his boy, as he had done, he was leaving him exposed to the worst evils that could befall him. The longer his thoughts ran in this direction, the more inexcusable his conduct seemed, and the more anxious did he feel about the future of Jim. Tom Blake, the policeman, did not appear against him, and his case was dismissed.

"Why, how nice and clean you look," he said, with a mingling of surprise and pleasure, in his voice, as he saw the boy sitting by a table. A lamp had just been lighted, and he had drawn up a chair, and was over his spelling-book again.

Jim glanced up with a pleased expression of face. It was such a new thing to get a kind or approving word from his father.

"A book, eh?" and Mr. Armstrong stood and gazed down over Jim's shoulder; "a spelling-book! Well, I declare! You've got ahead of me."

He drew a little parcel from his pocket, tied up in white paper, and, unwrapping it, laid a thin book on the table; Jim caught it up eagerly, and turned the leaves. It was a spelling and reading-book full of pictures.

"Oh! isn't it nice?" and Jim looked up into his father's face with wonder and delight. "Is it mine?" he asked.

"Yes, I bought it for you."

"Thank you, father."

That "thank you" came from the heart, and it was good for the child to speak, and the father to hear it.

"But where did this come from?" asked Mr. Armstrong, laying his hand on the book in which Jim had been studying.

"Miss Lucy Graham is going to give Jim a lesson every day," said Mrs. Armstrong, answering her husband's question. "He went to her this afternoon, and made a beginning."

"Indeed!" The father looked surprised.

"She's the best young lady I ever saw," remarked Mrs. Armstrong; "I've heard, or read of the like, but never saw it with my own eyes before. I wish you could have heard her talk to me and Jim to-day. I've felt like another woman ever since. She told us about Mr. Argyle, who lives in the next street. Did you ever notice his house?"

"That one with the face cut out in the arch over the door?"

"Yes. Well, he was once a poor boy in New York; his mother was a widow, worse off a great deal than we are. But she kept her little son out of the street, and away from the company of bad boys. She taught him to read herself, working all the while to support him, and when he was about our Jim's age she sent him to school, where she kept him until he was thirteen years old. Then he went into a store, where he made himself so useful that he soon got three or four dollars a week; and when he was of age, he got eight hundred dollars a year; just think of that; and he rented a house and

furnished it all for his mother. After awhile he was taken into business, and in a few years he grew to be a rich man. Now, his mother, who was so careful of her little boy, and worked so hard for him, has a home in that elegant place. You can see her sitting at the window almost any day. Miss Lucy told me all about it, and she said that our Jim might one day be as rich as Mr. Argyle."

Mrs. Armstrong spoke with unusual earnestness, and something of her hopeful enthusiasm found its way to her husband's feelings.

"Most of the rich merchants in our city, she said, were once poor boys," Mrs. Armstrong went on, "who, by industry, good conduct, and intelligence, won their way upwards; and she told me"—bending to her husband's ear, and speaking so low that their boy could not hear—"that if as bright a lad as our Jim did not rise in the world, and make a good and successful man, it would be all our fault, and I believe it."

A like conviction passed on the words of his wife to the mind of Armstrong. He seemed to himself like a man awakening from a dull dream into a living consciousness.

There was not much in the surroundings of this family to attract a man, or make him inclined to remain at home. For this reason, Armstrong's evenings were too often spent in drinking shops, where he met congenial companions, and wasted enough of his income to have furnished his rooms, in a year, with comfort and taste. After supper, on this evening, he did not go out, but spent an hour in helping Jim with his lessons, and taking him on quite in advance of the tasks Lucy had given him. Both father and son were greatly interested in this new employment.

Bed-time for Jim came at last, a period looked forward to by Mrs. Armstrong, with a kind of nervous disquietude. She felt that all the future hung upon this moment; and yet she had not fully resolved to do her duty. The room where Jim slept adjoined the one in which they were sitting. She had said to him that it was bed-time, and he had gone in to undress himself. She heard him taking off his clothes, and yet the courage to do that one right thing, enjoined by reason and conscience, was still lacking. In a kind of desperation, she laid down the work on which she was employed, and went into the bed-room, but still lacking the resolution to do what was in her thought. The boy looked up at her with a new expression on his face, in which she saw gentler and tenderer things than were wont to be there. He had removed his clothes, and

was sitting on the bed. His mother sat down beside him, and taking his hand, said—"Miss Lucy Graham told us one thing about Mr. Argyle when he was a little boy, not so old as you are, that I have thought about a good many times."

"What was it?" Jim showed a quickly moving interest.

"Don't you remember?"

The boy sat with downcast eyes for some moments, and then glancing up, answered—"He said his prayers every night."

"Yes, my child," Mrs. Armstrong's heart trembled in her voice; "and every little boy ought to say his prayers before going to bed."

"I'd say my prayers, but I don't know them." Jim's large brown eyes were on his mother's face.

"Shall I teach you?" There was still a quiver in her tone.

"Yes."

"Then kneel down."

How strangely the mother felt. A whole world of new impressions were flooding her heart, that beat with almost audible pulsations. Jim knelt down, and clasped his hands together, as he had seen hands clasped in pictures.

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Low and impressive was the mother's voice. In a spirit of reverence, and with a feeble effort to lift his thoughts upward, Jim repeated the line. Then:

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep," was said by the mother, and the child's voice took up the petition after her.

"If I should die before I wake,

I pray the Lord my soul to take."

It was that little boy's first prayer—and he was ten years old! His first prayer; but the impression it made was never obliterated from his mind, for it was embalmed in his recollection, side by side with the remembered sweetness of a mother's kiss.

When Mrs. Armstrong went back into the room where she had left her husband, he looked curiously into her face. Their eyes rested in each other for a little while, and then hers drooped away from the intense gaze of his. Every word which had passed in the bed-room, had come distinctly to his ears and moved him deeply.

He was touched, softened, and yet disturbed by the incident. On the face of Maggy, as she returned to him, he read an expression that brought back memories of other years—sweeter, happier years than the ones that now laid heavy

burdens on their unwilling shoulders. He had a dim foreshadowing in his mind of a better life, as if they were standing on its very threshold.

"Maggy," he said, taking her hand, "I think there is something more to be desired in this world than anything we have lived for."

"I am sure of it," she answered, with a gush of tears, for her heart was full.

Armstrong waited until this outbreak of feeling had partially subsided, when, with a softness of manner almost foreign to him, he said—"I heard it all, Maggy, and it was right. I've often wondered that you didn't teach Jim his prayers. My mother died when I was a small boy, and I can remember little about her. But one thing I have not forgotten, and can never forget—her teaching me that very prayer you taught our Jim just now. While you were repeating the words to Jim, it seemed to me that I was a child again; that your voice was my own mother's voice, and that the prayer you said over was for my ears. I've not felt as I then felt, Maggy, since I was a man; I'm sure I've been kept from doing wrong hundreds of times in my life, just by the remembrance of my mother and the prayers she made me repeat. It came into my mind, while you were teaching that prayer to Jim, that however much a man might go astray in the world, he could never become very bad and criminal if his mother had taught him his prayers; and I believe it. Maggy, I've more hope of our Jim, now that he has learned to say a prayer, than I've ever had before. Maybe you think it strange to hear me talk so, but it's just as I feel."

Maggy, shrinking from duty, had forced herself painfully forward, and, in half desperation, taken up her cross. But how light the burden proved as she attempted to lift what had looked to her so heavy; and now a sweet reward had come, following so quickly on duty, that joyful surprise filled her mind—a sweet reward, breathing through the lips of one from whom she had not even hoped for sympathy.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was wonderful to see how rapidly things were altered for the better in the house of Matty Armstrong. The change which a little time and care wrought in the appearance of Jim, naturally led Mrs. Armstrong to give more attention to her own person, and to the aspect of her poorly furnished home. Lucy, who came in now and then to speak a word of encouragement, talked plainly of her duty in these particulars.

"Poverty is no excuse for untidiness," she would say. "It takes but little time to put a room in order, and keep it clean and neat. And then it is so much more comfortable; so much more pleasant to look upon. Nobody can feel in a good humor while everything around is in disorder."

Again she would say—"If the wives of poor men wish to keep their husbands at home in the evening, they must make home as pleasant to them as possible. If the furniture is poor, it can at least be kept in order, and the rooms sweet and clean. Water costs nothing, and the time required is so small as not to be taken into account. It is only the will that is wanting in most cases. The eating-saloon, the beer-cellar, and the dram-shop, find their best customers, I am afraid, among men whose homes are not made as pleasant for them as they should be."

Acting on these suggestions, Mrs. Armstrong began to give more thought and attention to the appearance of things around her. Dirt and disorder were banished, and that was so great an improvement that her husband could not help noticing it and speaking a word of approval. This helped Maggy wonderfully. The husband's word of praise is often the wife's highest stimulant to action; without it, she too frequently grows disheartened and careless.

Two weeks have passed since the day of better things began, and every night had been spent by Armstrong at home. Jim went in and received a lesson from Lucy every afternoon. His progress was rapid, because he was in earnest about learning. He could already read a little, and Lucy had given him a book of stories, over which he spent hours each day, slowly spelling through the harder words, and gathering up the attractive incidents as he went along. He had left the street as a school, and felt no desire to return. Neater, cleaner, and better clothed when he went out than he had ever been, a feeling of self-respect was born, which proved one of his safeguards. Dirty, ragged, neglected, vicious children, now rather shunned than sought his company. He had put on the signs of a better life than the one they were leading, and a feeling of repulsion was born at the sight of him—a feeling that was mutual. Like attracts like, and opposites repel.

"Jim!" It was the voice of Lucy. A few minutes before, he had left her, after saying his usual afternoon lesson, and receiving from her lips words of warning and encouragement that were held in his memory as things to be treasured. He had not gone home on leaving her;

but passed around the corner in an opposite direction. Lucy had a visit to make immediately on getting through the lessons with Jim, who was advancing in his studies rapidly; and after going a short distance, she was surprised to see the boy standing against a tree-box, gazing up intently at the windows of a handsome residence. He started as she pronounced his name, reddened, and looked rather disturbed.

"What are you doing here? Why didn't you go directly home?" asked Lucy.

"I just came round a minute," replied Jim.

"I wanted to look at Mr. Argyle's house."

The truth flashed on Lucy's mind.

"Do you come here often?" she asked.

"Most every day," answered the boy, artlessly. "And sometimes I see his mother. You told us about her."

How full of tender hopes for his own mother were the boy's eyes; what a prophecy of successful manhood spoke out from his beaming face.

"Do you go anywhere else?" inquired Lucy.

"Oh, no. I just come round here a minute, and then run home."

Lucy smiled pleasantly on her little scholar, and then passed on. She had almost forgotten having told the story of Mr. Argyle's boyhood in his presence. Its great value in his mind as an incentive to right conduct and self-improvement, she saw in a moment. He had grasped the fact as a possible one in his own case, and his thought was evidently going onward into the future, and picturing his own manhood as similar in achievement to that of Mr. Argyle.

On that evening, as Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong sat talking together, after Jim was in bed—the nightly prayer was never intermitted—the husband asked—"How much do you make by washing and ironing, Maggy?"

Mrs. Armstrong looked a little surprised at the question. It was her husband's manner, more than his question, that created surprise.

"Sometimes two dollars, sometimes three," she answered.

"I don't want you to take in any more washing." Armstrong said this in a firm way, after thinking a few moments.

"But I must. We can't get along unless I do my part," replied Maggy.

"You must do something else, then. This washing and ironing is hard kind of work to have in a house. It puts everything out of sorts, and wears you down, until you're tired and out of spirits." He smiled at the last sentence, so that his words might not hurt.

"There's nothing else that I can get to do," said Mrs. Armstrong.

"Go back to shoe-binding," suggested her husband.

"That gave me such a pain in the breast, you know," was answered.

Mr. Armstrong remained silent for a little while, and then said, in a firm way—"At any rate, Maggy, the washing and ironing must be given up. I want you to give notice, that after this week you will take in no more."

"But how are we to live, Matty?"

"I'll take care of that," was confidently answered. "Month in and month out, I suppose you don't earn more than two dollars a week."

"Maybe not."

"Month in and month out, I am not earning more than seven dollars. But if I choose to put myself down to it, I can just as well make ten. Now, if you'll give up washing and ironing, I'll agree to put myself down to work in good earnest. We must make our home more attractive, if it's only for Jim's sake; and this can't be done if the house is in a slop, or out of order, all the week. Andrew Jones doesn't earn a dollar more than I can earn, and his wife doesn't do any work but her own, and see how nicely they live. They have carpets on their floors, nice furniture, and nice clean rooms to live in. Why can't we have the same, Maggy?"

"Maybe we can." She spoke hopefully, for in her husband's thoughts she saw the way plain before them.

"We must have it so, Maggy. Now, if you will do as I say, and give all your time to our housekeeping, I will promise to earn as much more every week as will make up for the loss. And there's another thing that I'll promise. If you'll make home like a poor man's home should be—and it will take more time, and care, and work, maybe, to do this than you think—I'll not spend a sixpence more in taverns. I don't really care for liquor; but I've got a habit of going out in the evening, because, to speak the truth, there's been nothing attractive at home; and I go to taverns and such places, and drink with men whose company I can give up—and have given up for a week or two—without a regret. In this bad way I've spent a great deal of money. I was counting up to-day, and it really startled me to think of it. It isn't in drinking only that the money goes; there are tempting things to eat, oysters and the like, and cigars. Oh, it's shameful the way that we men do spend our money in drib-

lets, and for no good, but mostly for harm! I hardly like to say how much I've wasted, but it can't be less than from two to four dollars a week."

"Oh, no, Matty!" said his wife, incredulously.

"Indeed, it's true—more's the shame for me. But it shant be true any more. I'll not spend another penny in taverns. I wont go there again. I'll have better things at home. We must both do differently and better, Maggy. You must stop earning, and devote some time and care to our home, and clothes, and our living. This will give you plenty of work; but how different must be the result. Just think of it Maggy! A clean, orderly house, clean, well-made and mended clothes, and a comfortable table, with well-cooked food upon it, for you and me, and Jim to sit at and enjoy, three times a day. I'll find the money, and there'll soon be something to spare for carpets and other things we need to make our rooms feel to us like a real home. Will you give up the washing and ironing?"

"Yes."

"And do what I say?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" Maggy's eyes were running over with tears. The new order of things proposed by her husband filled the desire of her heart. Through Lucy's hints, suggestions, and plain talks on the subject of her defective home administration, she had already become keenly alive to her shortcomings, and there were the beginnings of efforts to create a new order of things, which had been seen and gratefully acknowledged by her husband in manner and conduct, rather than in words. Now he had spoken out plainly, and they understood each other.

From that time, this new order of things beginning to be foreshadowed, was established in the home of the Armstrongs. Maggy gave up the hard, depressing work in which she had been engaged, to an almost total neglect of household duties, every day; and busied herself from morning to night with things that looked directly to the wants, comforts, tastes and pleasures of her husband and son; while Armstrong, true to his promise, worked with increased diligence at his trade, and carefully abstained from spending even a sixpence in useless self-indulgences.

How almost like magic seemed the change that soon appeared in the home and personal aspect of this poor family. Their garments, from being cleaner and in better order, gradually showed an improving quality. One desirable article of furniture after another found

its way into their little household, until they were themselves in wonder at their new and more attractive surroundings.

As they had begun in the right way, so they continued. Having tasted the sweets of better life, they had no inclination to go back into the low, unhappy condition out of which they had arisen. After a few months of daily instruction with Lucy Graham, Jim was sent to one of the public schools, where he entered with an earnestness on his task that gave most promising encouragement for the future. His way to school lay past Mr. Argyle's house, and it rarely happened that he went by the handsome dwelling, without looking up at it, and remembering that Mr. Argyle was once a poor little boy like him- self. Sometimes the peaceful face of an old woman looked down upon him from one of the windows, and then his childish imagination would throw him away onward into the far distant future, and he would see his own mother in a house like this.

Was Jim tempted ever to return to his street companionship? to the vagrant liberty he had possessed of idling about where he pleased? No, thanks to the wise, watchful, loving care and instruction of Lucy Graham in the beginning, and the influence of his father and mother afterwards. The beauty of goodness in Lucy had seemed to lift him all at once above his old life, and her wisely adapted instructions had so opened in his thoughts ideas of higher and better things than he had before imagined, that he could not sink down to the old level so long as the better influences by which he was surrounded were in continuance.

We could linger with interest on the steps of Jim, walking steadily forward as a little boy, on a gradually ascending road—could picture the successive change that became visible in the improving condition of Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, as they came more and more into the new and better life they had commenced living—but more stirring themes in our story demand attention, and we must now pass forward to them.

CHAPTER XV.

From the time of her father's interference with the policeman in favor of Armstrong, Lucy had noticed a change in him that gave her a feeling of concern, that verged on solicitude. She had asked him as to how the case stood at the police office, on the day after Armstrong's arrest by Blake, and received a short, irritated, almost angry reply, which was

to the effect that he wished the man had been in the lower regions before crossing his path. Lucy never again ventured to allude to the subject.

Before this time, Mr. Graham had been gradually thawing under the genial sunshine of Lucy's presence; and there were signs of verdure in his heart, and the promise of flowers. But suddenly a chilling wind seemed to have swept over his spirit. He withdrew into himself, became silent as of old, and seemed to have on his mind the presence of some great trouble.

The progress of our story will develop the cause, which is, no doubt, dimly shadowing itself in the reader's mind.

About six weeks after the incident to which we have just referred, as Lucy sat alone with her father, yearning to draw nearer, and endeavoring, in her gentle, loving way, to get through the cold exterior that seemed freezing with impenetrable ice, the waiter came to the room in which they were sitting, and said that a man was at the door, and wished to speak with him.

"Who is he?" asked Mr. Graham.

"I don't know, sir," replied the waiter.

"What does he want?"

"He wants to see you, sir."

"Get his name and his business," said Mr. Graham, almost roughly.

It struck Lucy that he was disturbed, as one is wont to be who dreads an unwelcome visitation, and fears that it is impending.

The waiter returned from the door, and said the man's name was Blake.

"Tell him that I can't see him."

Lucy's eyes were on her father's face when the name was given, and saw it change instantly, growing a little paler. She remembered the name as that of the policeman who had arrested Armstrong.

The waiter came back, saying—"The man says that he must see you. His business is pressing and important."

Mr. Graham's brows fell heavily, like a cloud, and his mouth was fearfully compressed. He stood still for several moments.

"Show him into the office."

His voice was abrupt, and his manner stern.

The waiter retired, and Mr. Graham followed slowly, leaving the room without a word to Lucy.

"How dare you come here, sir?" was the salutation given to the man by Mr. Graham when he confronted him alone in his office.

"Desperate men dare anything, in ex-

tremity," was the outspoken reply, as the villain looked through half-closed eyes, steadily and snakily at Mr. Graham.

"What are you here for?" demanded Mr. Graham.

"I will answer in a word—money!"

The merchant started. A new terror flashed upon him.

"Tom! Tom Blake! Don't go too far. Don't imagine that I can be dealt with so. There is stuff in me of a quality that you will find proof against this sort of villany."

Yet, even as he said this, did Mr. Graham betray the fear that struck down to his heart—betrayed it fully to the keen hungry eyes that were upon him.

"Desperate men, I repeat," was the man's resolute answer, "dare anything in extremity. I am in extremity."

"Let those that helped you into trouble help you out," said Mr. Graham.

"You must help me out. I have no other resource," replied the man.

"What is your trouble?"

"I cannot speak of that. It will avail you nothing. I want a thousand dollars."

"Preposterous! You'll not get it from me."

"Yes—from you!" The man's aspect changed into one of calm resolve—his voice was lower; but it chilled the heart of Mr. Graham, like an icy wind. The two men looked into each other's face for a little while in a defiant manner. The merchant's eyes were the first to give way. He felt afraid of his assailant, and with a fear profounder than any mere bodily terror.

"There is no alternative," said Blake, in the same tone. "*I must procure the money; and you are my only resource.*"

He put his hands on a chair, drew it a little way from the wall and sat down. Almost mechanically the action was followed by Mr. Graham.

"I believe," said the policeman, "that we understand each other perfectly. Circumstances have placed you in my power, and I am compelled to use that power. I might prefer another man in your place; but I have learned to take things as they are and throw side questions overboard. We get educated up to the necessities of our lives. I must have a thousand dollars to-morrow or lose my office. I'm in the clutch of one who never lets go until the blood is squeezed out. I grapple around for something by which to save myself, and my hands close upon you. It is a death-grip, Mr. Graham, depend upon it! Unless you put

forth sufficient strength to save me, I will drown you!"

The closing words were spoken with a fierce determination that chilled the heart of Mr. Graham.

"I might as well drown now as at some future time," he answered, trying to rally himself. "Your hands are on me, and you are not the man to let go. As well look for pity in the tiger, with the warm blood tasting on his tongue. No, Tom, I shall not bear the cursed life you would accord to me. The more prolonged the strife between us, the more I shall become exhausted. Better meet the contest now, while I am in full strength. You shall not plunder me! Move another step in this direction, and I will hand you over, for crimes, to the justice that should long ago have been meted out. I have all the proof needed for conviction."

"How long have you possessed these proofs?" asked Blake, a cold mocking smile on his lips.

"For years, as you very well know," replied the merchant.

"Yes, for years," said Blake, his lip curling. "The good citizen, Andrew Graham, holding in his hands the proof of crimes committed against society for years, and not guarding society against their repetition until danger approached his own door! Ha, ha!" What a shudder that cruel "ha, ha!" sent along Mr. Graham's nerves. "And then to stand as an accomplice. I'm afraid that wouldn't look very well, sir. The public are apt to judge of a man by the company he keeps!"

"Villain, leave me!" But Blake did not stir. He saw that the face of his victim was pale as death. His fingers were on the pulse of his spirit, and he knew just how the poor frightened heart was beating.

"Did you see this evening's *Post*?" he asked, meaningly.

"Yes, I saw the *Post*," was coldly replied.

"But not this, I infer, from your manner," and he reached the paper to Mr. Graham, with his fingers on a particular paragraph, which read—"Startling intimations. We are informed that the police have received intimations that seriously compromise a merchant of high standing and hitherto irreproachable character. The exact nature of the case we could not learn, but it is hinted, darkly, that he is connected with a gang of desperate men, whom his position and wealth has enabled him to protect not only from legal consequences, but even from suspicion itself. The thing seems incredible."

Mr. Graham's hand shook as he held the paper to his eyes and read eagerly.

"This is your work," he said, endeavoring to speak in a firm voice.

"The beginning of my work," replied the man, wholly self-possessed.

"Then the issue has come, and I must meet it." Mr. Graham commenced to rally himself.

"No; the issue has not come yet. This is only a note of preparation. Meet the demand I have made. Help me in my imperative needs and you are as safe from suspicion as a saint."

"Until you next demand."

"I shall have no more demands to make. No, sir! You misjudge me. I am driven to this, and cannot help myself. Most solemnly do I swear never to repeat a similar application, and you may have faith in me."

"I have no faith in you, Tom Blake," answered Mr. Graham, sternly. "You are sold to the devil, and he was a liar from the beginning."

"Well, as you like," and the wretch showed his teeth, in the way you sometimes see a cruel animal display his fangs. "You know the alternative. To-morrow, at ten o'clock, I will be at your store." He stood up as he said this. "If you have a check ready for me, well; if not, you must abide the consequences. I come to you now in extremity, seeking to save myself from impending ruin. If you abandon me to my fate, I will come to you again, but in madness and revenge. Good-night!"

And Tom Blake strode past Mr. Graham, who was facing him. In the door of the office he turned, and threw back the warning sentence, "Remember! Ten o'clock!"

And then the stunned and terrified merchant stood alone.

(To be continued.)

INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

THE young professional man marries an intelligent, good wife, in every way his equal. They are poor, and both are under the necessity of exerting themselves, to secure success and prosperity in the future. He enters with energy upon the duties of his profession, mingles with the best intellects, and the most polished and learned men of society. He is obliged to apply himself closely to keep pace with the society in which he moves. He must

read his books, hear discussions and engage in them, keep well up with the current news of the day, and, by constant exercise, his wits are sharpened to the highest degree of his capacity.

In all this toil and excitement, he is engaged so closely, he has but little time for family association. He comes home tired and ready for dinner, supper, or bed, and wholly indisposed to enter into the spirit of the family, or draw them into his more intellectual and elevated circle.

Meanwhile, his dutiful and affectionate wife is as wholly and exclusively occupied with family matters. She lives in the kitchen and nursery, and shuts herself up in the little narrow circle of domestic affairs. In a few years the accomplishments for which she was so highly praised by her husband and society, have tarnished by disuse. She is useful and good, but the sphere of her husband is far removed from her.

If selfish, he feels, and rather enjoys, his sage superiority, and comes to the grave conclusion that woman must be inferior to man; that it is not worth while to try to keep her up with him. He does not talk with his wife of the German war, the change in the territory it has wrought, the political organization it must give rise to, because she does not know enough of history, geography, or politics, to appreciate his conversation, and it would involve too much explanation to make her understand it.

It is too much trouble; it "don't pay." He does not speak of the disasters on the sea, the effects of the great storm, the late news from Congress, because she does not keep fully informed upon the subjects, and to preface the detail necessary to make her comprehend all this would be an "endless task;" so it is not undertaken.

Yet all these subjects would be interesting to his wife; she would gladly enter into the minutiae of them; but it is too much trouble for the married, important business man; too small a matter for him to talk business with his family. They know nothing alike, they think nothing alike; and, by common consent, their paths grow wide apart, until they are not one in mind and sympathy, but present a melancholy spectacle at home, and entirely unlike what wife and husband should be, all for the want of the practice of that considerate respect for each other, they entertain for and accord to others.—*Domestic Life, by Dr. Byford.*

"By suffering we may avoid sinning; but by sinning we cannot avoid suffering."

A BACHELOR'S STORY.

BY MRS. EMMIE L. GRIFFITH.

"I REMEMBER how she looked as well as if it were yesterday. Yesterday! and twenty years have thrown their shadows over my life-path since then—twenty long, sad years, but they have failed to blot out Marion Wendin. Sit down, old boy, and I'll tell you all about it. You've had a happier life than mine in all these years in which we've been drifting about on separate seas; for you have wife and child to call you dear. Still, my bachelor experience may be interesting to you for the sake of the old times down in the little red school-house where we played innumerable boyish pranks upon our grave teacher. Do you remember where we parted?—you for your clerkship in the great bustling city, and I for the college walls. You can see it from here—the old chestnut-tree where we stood and talked of all our plans for the great future. You were to be a merchant, grow rich, marry your partner's daughter, and live in grandeur; and I was to study, and write, and grow famous, and wed myself to literature alone. You have realized all, and it has brought you happiness, and I have realized all, too. But would my boyish hopes had been thwarted!

"From the time we shook hands and parted under that old chestnut-tree, until my thirtieth year, I wrote and studied incessantly. I had but one hope, one aim, to make the world bless the day that gave birth to Milton Moore. I can remember now with what supreme contempt I looked down upon those whose only aim in life seemed to be to make a comfortable living, and select a pleasant companion to share it with them. Ah me! what are all my honors and riches to me now, since they must needs be unshared!

"One short hour on my thirtieth birth-day changed my views totally and forever. I had agreed for that day, at the earnest solicitation of aunt and cousins, to lay aside work, and devote the day to them. They had agreed to invite no company, and so I felt entirely at ease, for I had a dread of society, especially feminine; so much light chit-chat, so many nameless nothings to be said. 'If only my aunt and cousins were not women,' I said, as I tied my cravat, 'how much more I should enjoy the day!' With these complimentary feel-

ings towards the female sex, I wended my way across fields to my aunt's, and entering the orchard, was strolling leisurely towards the house, when, face to face, I encountered Marion Wendin. I told you I remembered that vision of her as well as when it first beamed upon me. Fair, slight, with a wealth of brown hair put smoothly away from a square, full forehead, eyes like hair, in color—but who could describe them? Large, lustrous, flashing out faith, hope, love, seeming to tell of everything good and noble filling the depths of a heart whose wealth few could fathom. All this spoke out in her eyes and lighted up her face. The color mounted to her cheek as we thus met so abruptly, and she let fall the folds of the brown dress, filled with autumn leaves and flowers she had gathered up so picturesquely in one hand, while the other held a small volume, in which the dainty thumb was inserted to mark the place. A single sprig of sweet alyssum in her hair was her only ornament. Ah, Ned! I wish I could really paint her to you as she stood there, but no artist ever transferred to canvas face like hers—'twere an impossibility; for no two moments was the expression the same, and yet so beautiful was each, you could not tell which was most fascinating. As the leaves and flowers dropped upon the ground, I gathered up my senses and begged pardon for causing such a waste of loveliness, and offering my hat as a substitute for the dress she was straightening into propriety, in a few moments all embarrassment had vanished, and we were talking as though we had known each other all our lives.

"I had often heard, my cousins speak of Marion Wendin, who was a favorite school-mate, but until then had not met her. She told me she was visiting a friend a few miles off, and so came over the previous evening and took them by surprise. 'Your cousins told me, also,' added she, archly, 'they would not dare let you know of my arrival, or we should not be blessed with your presence to-day; so, to give you a little longer respite from the burden of my presence, I started into the orchard about the time they expected you; but it seems you have stumbled at once into the den of the lioness.'

"Say, rather, I have invaded Paradise, and startled its Eve," was my laughing rejoinder.

"I had to bear all manner of jests, when we reached the house, from my aunt and cousins, which were a great annoyance to me, as I did not care to have them repeat all my light remarks concerning women to the fair Marion. Woman had become a new creation since I had met her—a being to be not only loved, but revered, standing peerless among all the works of a great Creator.

"Days passed on. We rode, walked, and sailed together—Cousins Mary and Lucy, Marion and I. As I was the only gentleman in the party, my attention was divided among the three; but Marion and I had many a little *tête-à-tête* all our own. I was infatuated, absorbed, thrilled. In twenty-four hours from the time I met Marion Wendin I was in love, deeply, hopelessly, the more so because no woman before had ever crossed my vision for whom I had a second thought.

"At the end of two weeks she was going home. I resolved to tell her all, and place my fate in her hands. I could but make one mad plunge. It must come to that at last, for there was no means of retreat, no drawing back this fiery steed that was hurrying me on so desperately.

"We stood on the porch watching the October sunset as it threw its redness over redder leaves draping the lattice-work. Marion's eyes kept filling with the glory of the sunlight, till it seemed to me she was melting into it, and becoming a part of the very golden mist hanging around us. I laid my hand on hers to be sure she was still there in person, and then ventured to ask if she would not like to go with me to the orchard once more before she left us. She acquiesced, and folding a shawl about her, I drew her arm in mine, and silently we walked to our first meeting place—silently on her part because the poesy of her soul was all awake, and speech would have broken the spell; and I was silent, for the great hour of my life had come, when Fate would mete out joy or woe as the portion of my cup. Involuntarily we both stopped as we reached the spot where two weeks before we had encountered each other, and summoning all my courage, with all my soul in my voice, I asked—'Do you know I met my destiny here?'

"There was no affected turning away on her part, as though she did not understand me, but turning to me with a smile half sad, half surprised, she quietly said—'Did you? I did not meet mine.'

"Then, Marion—by common consent all titles had been dropped, she, like Mary and Lucy, calling me Cousin Milton—I dare not hope a union of destinies?"

"How could you, when we are so very dissimilar? You a man in all the pride and glory of being that, and I a woman with a woman's weakness. I am not giving my *own* view of the sexes now, but *yours*, as it has been told me by your cousins—as I have gathered it from your own lips; and, be assured, if my destiny is only that of a woman, I hold it too sacred to unite it with one who would see in me only atoms of dust whirling on aimlessly.'

"She turned to leave me; I held her, crying—'Oh! Marion, Marion, you have sadly misunderstood me; or, if once I could have thought so foolishly, my blindness has disappeared.'

"She seemed to pity me, for, turning, her lip quivered an instant, and her tone softened.

"Cousin Milton, do you remember being at Cheston once—and do you remember meeting at Mr. Sydney's a shy, awkward school-girl, whom they called Cousin May? Shy, awkward, as I was then, I had a heart, and you, with your winning and genial ways, won it. But I heard you talk so lightly of woman, and all I esteemed holiest and best in her, that my idol fell. I wrestled with my heart, and conquered. It is too late to renew the old fire, for I am pledged to one who esteems my womanhood coequal with his manhood. I would have spared you this pain—my own bitter experience has taught me sympathy—but I never dreamed you would have loved.'

"I dropped her hand. It was that of another's; I had no right to retain it. A moment we stood thus beneath the stars, face to face, her eyes looking into mine with a calm pity, and that moment seeming to me an eternity of woe. She broke the stillness by rustling her shawl closer around her, and in silence I accompanied her to the house. At the door I turned away with an unspoken 'good-night' upon my lips. I dared not trust myself to speak.

"She arrested the movement. 'Forgive me if I have pained you.'

"There was deep feeling in her voice; but my heart, as I took the proffered hand, only went out in the cry—'Marion! Marion!' And that wail has gone down through all these twenty years.

"Ned, I have tried to retrieve the error of my youth. In the light of that blessed wo-

manhood, which was revealed to me in those weeks of sweet intercourse with Marion Wendin, I have lived and written. I trust some of the written sentiments have found their way to her happy fireside, and impressed her with the sincerity of the change. Indeed, I know this is so; for, ten years ago, a little note fluttered to me, on which was written—

"True to your nobler self, you have the appreciation of
MARION."

"It is a little thing, Ned, yet I keep it cherished here near my heart. You wouldn't suspect the old bachelor of such foolishness, would you? But it is a comfort to know that my first and brightest ideal of womanhood appreciates, if she cannot love, the bachelor, Milton Moore."

WASHINGTON AND WARNER.

COLONEL SETH WARNER was one of the most heroic and accomplished military officers of the Continental army. His appearance was noble and commanding, he being several inches taller than General Washington. He was also a very handsome man, and an especial favorite of Washington, who once said of Warner—"He was a model of a figure, and made a military appearance second to none in the Continental army."

But Warner was very thoughtless about pecuniary matters, and seemed to think his last dollar must be shared with any one who was in need; so that he expended all his available property in aiding the needy families of his soldiers, and in other ways in his country's cause.

He resided at Woodbury, Vt., and had two sons; the younger, who was a small boy, remained at home with his mother, but was not old enough to work much on the farm; and as all able-bodied men were in the army, it was impossible to hire a man to work it; so that with great exertions it gave them but a scanty support. Warner's other son, Israel Putnam Warner, was in the army, and had charge of his father's war-horse, which was very fiery and proud, and would never let any one but his master or Israel mount or come near him.

Colonel Warner, with his noted regiment of Green Mountain Boys, secured many victories, often routed or captured the British who ventured too near his forces, and did good service for his country in her greatest need. Warner

served his country for his country's good, and not to acquire a fortune for himself; and when he returned home, his health was much impaired from the hardships of war; he was unable to work, and was so poor that he was compelled to mortgage his homestead for a thousand dollars, that he might pay his many small debts.

Warner had fought well, had done all he could for the good cause, had worn himself out in the service, and was brought to a premature grave. He died soon after his return from the war, and left his family almost on the verge of beggary. The mortgage caused the family a great deal of depression and uneasiness. They knew very well that they should not be able to pay it, and expected it would be foreclosed, and that they should soon lose their pleasant home where they had lived so long, and, until the Colonel's death, so happily.

One day, when Mrs. Warner had been unusually sad from brooding over the family embarrassments, two well-mounted stranger gentlemen, whose general appearance indicated them to be officers of high rank, entered the yard. She immediately said to her son, "I am sure that these men will in some way help us."

These strangers were General Washington, with his *attache*, who, in September, 1789, made his tour through the Eastern States, and journeyed to Woodbury expressly to see the widow of his friend, and to administer to her comfort in her declining years.

He mentioned that he had been informed of a mortgage on her home, which he wished to cancel.

"Does the money come from Government?" she asked, with a look that seemed to say, "If it does, it is all right."

Washington looked at her and hesitated for a moment; then producing the money, he slowly responded—"In one sense it does, if, madam, you have any scruples on the subject. I am in receipt of a liberal salary from Government, from which it is discretionary with me to impart aid for deserving objects, and I certainly know of no object more imperative than to relieve the family of so meritorious and self-sacrificing an officer. Do not hesitate to accept it," he said, and handed to Mrs. Warner an amount sufficient to discharge the mortgage with the interest, and a considerable sum more than was required. Then he said kindly—"Heaven bless you, dear madam. Farewell."

C.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

RUNNING AWAY.

BY AGNES RAIN.

AN August night was settling down over all the landscape; so peacefully, that if an angel had flown across the diameter of that horizon circle, he would have seen herds, and silent woods, and dusky corn-fields, reposing as under the arch of God's great hand. Few lights were to be seen, for farmers generally go to bed early, by the same lamp that illuminates birds to their nests—the evening star. But candlelight shone from one front chamber of a pretty farm-house, known as Widow Lightfoot's place; and in that chamber Jessie Lightfoot was unbraiding her hair for the night before her glass. She was quite a little beauty, this shapely, blue-eyed creature, and no one knew it better than herself. It was Jessie's evening custom, when her chamber-door was closed, and while she was disrobing, to hold a polite conversation with the aforementioned glass; to bow and receive bows, to smile, to look tender, or proud, or gay; in short, to review the whole battalion of her charms, and to think what the future might possibly hold for her: a rich husband—she was not quite sixteen—delightful tours, and “the life of a lady.” This last was Jessie's particular hobby.

But that August night, the face in the glass had not one smile. It was distorted with anger. The young girl unbound her hair with impatient twitches, muttering a great many times that “she had made up her mind.”

“I'll run away,” said Jessie Lightfoot, in fierce confidence, to her old companion, who strictly imitated and shared her wrath. “I'm not going to stand it any longer. Mother scolds with every breath she draws; she makes my life entirely wretched. And Jason, with his everlasting *patience* talk, is more torment than comfort. I wasn't made to be a farm-drudge. I'll never milk a cow again as long as I live!” she cried, shaking her small fist at the faithful reflector, as if she saw therein a lowing herd set as background to her streaming face.

“We might just as well keep help as not, I'm sure; but mother wont; she's too *stingy*.” Having wrought herself up to a high pitch, Jessie paused, to support the emphasis laid on her last word, and to use her handkerchief. For, alas! Jessie was flesh and blood, and required to have her nose attended to when she

“opened the floodgates of her soul,” unlike the weeping heroines of novels that she read.

“I've often said I would, and I will,” was repeated, as she put out her light, and drew the sheet over her shoulders. She remained wakeful, tossing about for several hours; while tired and unsuspecting Mrs. Lightfoot, anxious mother though she was, slept soundly in her own old bed-room down-stairs, till an alarm clock startled her to the recognition of three o'clock on a market morning.

“Jessie,” she called up the stairway, after the bustle of preparation was over, during which the girl had not made her appearance; “Jessie, get up right away, Jason's harnessing the horses, and I want you to get an early start. The things are all ready, and nothing behind-hand but you, you lazy creature!”

“The lazy creature” came down that moment, all ready for the early ride. She had been up for some time, sitting by her window, with all her various little savings in her pocket, ready for the emergency before her, but wavering in her resolution as the familiar dewy fields revealed themselves to her. When that hasty voice from below broke on her ear, however, her decision was clinched. The foolish young thing went down-stairs, determined never to look into the face of her scolding mother again, and, climbing into the market-wagon while Jason held the horses, began the journey “in search of her fortune.”

Jessie's ruling passion guided her venture-some footsteps. She was “going to be a lady.” There was a maiden lady, paternal grand-aunt of Jessie's, living in the capital. This maiden lady was rich and whimsical. She and her more immediate relatives had always ignored the Lightfoots, because their nephew had chosen a mere unlearned farmer's daughter to wife. Before Miss Chelsea, Jessie proposed to present herself, and by pleading in her dead father's name, and making a common cause with the great-aunt against her mother, she hoped to win that lady's heart and protection. She would then become the heiress of Miss Chelsea; she would have “advantages” (which meant piano and dancing, to Jessie), and “society” (which meant flattery). Suppose Miss Chelsea should snub her, as she had snubbed her predecessors? Jessie did not

give the possibility a thought. Her youth, beauty, and refined tastes, would be irresistible pleaders in her behalf.

"Jessie," said Jason, "does the early air chill you?"

Jessie was startled into remembrance of the six feet of manhood beside her. Jason Graves, the young farmer who conducted her mother's farm, had always inspired her with some awe of his stalwart and intellectual presence; he read so many wise books, was always so tolerant and self-possessed, traits which Jessie felt she must admire afar off.

"I'm quite comfortable," she answered, stiffly.

"Are you well this morning?" he pursued, with kindness. "I hardly think your sleep ought to be broken so early."

"Oh, mother doesn't care whether I'm well or not, or whether I ever close my eyes, if she can only make use of me," exclaimed the girl, hotly.

"She makes use of herself to save you from a great many things," replied Jason, quietly.

"Why doesn't she get somebody to milk, and do the drudgery?"

"I shall milk next winter, and it will be part of my work thereafter. I've got the farm under way now, and another year we shall live more comfortably, Jessie—" He hesitated, and stopped, something else outweighing the inclination he manifested to impart what was on his mind. Jessie looked at him, and her vain little heart fluttered. Was he going to propose to her? She had never experienced the felicity of refusing a suitor. But Jason disappointed her. He looked absently at his horses' ears, and snapped the whip above them, wondering "why does her mother refuse to tell her how involved Mr. Lightfoot's affairs were? I know Jessie would be reasonable, and helpful, if she knew that her mother was wearing herself away to save her child from beggary."

"Jason," said the expectant adventuress, as they neared the market town, "after I've finished the shopping mother sent me to do, I have an errand of my own."

"Where shall I find you when I am ready to go home?" asked Jason.

Jessie named the place, and almost decided to keep her appointment. Bracing early air had given her faculties a bath, and nearly washed out anger. But after a corner was put between Jason's clear, good face and hers, she hastened to accomplish her morning duties; and leaving all the packages neatly stowed by at the place of appointment, flew to the depot with precipitate determination. The train would be

along in half an hour. She purchased a ticket and waited. In her fear and impatience, she hung over the edges of the platform during this interval, watching for distant smoke. At last a black column appeared, and the train came shrieking up the track. Jessie rushed into the first car, and, trembling all over with a strange faintness, took a seat on the side next the depot, lest Jason might be coming, and might see her through a window.

When the train was under way again, she stared out without seeing anything. Her eyes were turned inward upon a mental panorama; she saw Jason standing, astounded and frightened, before a bland shopman, who was telling him "the young lady went away about half an hour ago, and left a message that he need not wait for her." She saw him hurrying from one place to another, and at last tracing her to the depot. She saw his sad, stern face on the way home, her mother's open eyes and lips at his account, the pallor spreading over that weary face—(ah! Jessie almost wished herself back!) She anticipated a great inquiry and search for her, ending in an attempt to drag her from the arms of her doting aunt. Here Jessie complacently decided that she might allow herself to be thus forcibly reclaimed, as her mother would by that time feel so repentant at having scolded her, that unlimited indulgence would be hers ever afterwards. She had that morning dressed herself as neatly and prettily as she could without eliciting comment from Mrs. Lightfoot. The new print dress, light shawl, tasteful hat, and nicely fitting gloves and boots, were calculated to make their combined impression on Miss Chelsea. If Jessie's eyes had been of any more service to her during the latter part of her ride, than they were at the beginning, she might have observed how the green country banks, flitting cornfields, and queer little Irish cabins, were giving place to handsome residences, and therefore not have experienced such a sickening start when the locomotive slid into a high-roofed depot and stopped.

An hour later found Jessie wandering along the pavements of a strange city, ignorant of what proceedings she ought to take to find her aunt. She was afraid to ask the passers-by, for so many bold, indolent-looking men stared at her. At length she courageously stepped into a large dry-goods establishment. One of the clerks approached her and politely inquired what the young lady would like to see.

"Miss Chelsen," uttered Jessie, choking with fear, her very parasol trembling in her hand.

The clerk hoped Miss would pardon him; he hadn't understood. She swallowed very hard, and explained that she wanted to know where Miss Chelsea lived. The clerk kindly referred her to the city directory, pointed out the way, and hailed an omnibus for her. Jessie thanked him heartily, and was so won by this young man, that she did not hesitate to accept the services of another, and more stylish-looking gentleman, who offered to hand up her fare for her when she alighted. For this purpose he took her purse, and, the omnibus being suddenly called away, had no opportunity of returning it. Jessie was at first incredulous that all her money was gone, and when convinced of the fact, too timid to attempt its recovery. Her heart only sank a little lower, as having ascertained her aunt's whereabouts, she sought that lady with the conviction that she had now no resources.

A large brick house, bearing the number she sought, threw the silver dazzle of its door-plate and bell-handle into her eyes. Now, I am ashamed to confess that Jessie was not accustomed to door-bells, although she knew their use; and, therefore, two knobs offering her a choice, she seized the one appertaining to the lock and pulled feebly. After waiting, she gave another and a despairing pull, the effect of which was not what she anticipated, being only a resolution on her part to try the other handle. This she did successfully. A neat woman opened the door, asking crisply what the young Miss wanted. The young Miss wanted to see Miss Chelsea. She was shown into a reception-room to wait till such time as Miss Chelsea wanted to see her, as Miss Chelsea was then at breakfast. To Jessie's surprise, the neat woman returned almost immediately, to say that she might go into the breakfast-room, as Miss Chelsea was curious to know her errand. So our little adventuress was ushered into a pretty room, to satisfy the curiosity of her august relative. A very straight, piercing lady was regaling herself at the comfortable breakfast-table. She laid down her fork and leaned back in her chair, as Jessie did obeisance.

"I'm Jessie Lightfoot, ma'am."

"Are you?" said Miss Chelsea, coolly; "what do you want?"

"Father was your nephew," faltered in Jessie. "I thought I would come and see —"

"Come and see me, eh?" remarked Miss Chelsea, cutting up her toast. "Don't you think it would have been better to wait for an invitation?"

Jessie burst out crying. She looked so pretty

and pitiful that the lady soothed her kindly. "Never mind, my dear, you couldn't be expected to know much. I'm glad to see you. I hope your mother is well; though I must say, my good opinion of her is not increased by her allowing a baby-faced young thing to range through the city at pleasure, especially as that young thing is her daughter."

"She doesn't know I'm here," quivered Jessie.

"Doesn't know it?"

"No, ma'am; I ran away!" confessed the penitent, with a loud sob.

"Ran away!" screamed Miss Chelsea, upsetting her tea.

"I thought maybe you'd take me to live with you," blurted Jessie. "I—I didn't like it at home. I hate farm-work; I wanted to be a lady!"

"Pretty lady a runaway would make!" denounced Miss Chelsea, shaking her napkin at the hysterical girl. "I'll send you back home this morning! I'll put you into the custody of the police! Back you shall go!"

Now, of all things, Jessie desired to go home. If her purse had not been taken, it is probable she would have returned to the depot without seeking her kinswoman, even after learning her address. But to be sent back a prisoner, a disgraced fugitive, as the lady's excited threats represented to her feverish imagination, was what she could not endure. Springing up, she darted from the room and from the house, before nervous Miss Chelsea could have her detained. She ran down an alley, and over a crossing, up a retired street, and slacking her pace, hurried down the next, and continued on, unconscious of where she was going, until the dusty pavements gave place to gravelled sidewalks, and these latter merged into one common country road. She sat down and rested under a shade tree. What to do, little Jessie Lightfoot knew not; she was faint and destitute. She cried awhile and ruminated. She resolved at first to go and throw herself into some stream, or to stagger on until she became emaciated to a skeleton, and then to lie down and die in some shady nook, where the birds would cover her up with leaves; but not a nook too remote for her mother and Jason to find, and weep over with agony. But this nonsense was quenched like her tears, in a pocket-handkerchief, and she began to take clearer and more unromantic views of things, than she had ever done before in her life. She knew she must go back to her mother, who would most likely scold her, and with good reason, and to Jason,

who would meet her with quiet contempt and displeasure. It was hard. (She cried again.) She wished she hadn't been born. (She cried a good deal.) But she would try and bear it, and "be patient," as Jason would advise, and she would never run away again to be made twenty times a lady.

With this wise resolution to sustain her, she rose and hastened to learn if the road she was on led homeward. The woman of whom she inquired answered in the affirmative; and while hushing a cross child on her arm, asked inquisitively, if Jessie "meant to *walk* all that twenty-five mile?" Jessie mumbled some reply, and hastened on. She almost ran along the dusty track, looking to the distant vista which was so much nearer home than she. The noon sun began to scorch her; she took refuge under the roadside trees, yet never slackening her pace. She was weak and thirsty. Turning a bend in the road, she saw a farm-house about half a mile away, and decided to get a drink there. The farmer's wife, seeing a neatly-dressed young girl drinking from the tin cup at her spring, and observing also, with American quickness, how the girl eyed her well-spread dinner-table, placed for coolness in the porch, asked her to come in and eat something; but Jessie, dreading to be questioned, declined her hospitality with thanks and went on, unconscious of how her strength was failing for want of food. All that memorable afternoon she toiled up-hill and down. The herbage at the roadside was gray with dust. Her throat and nostrils were lined with it. It entered her thin shoes, and burned her poor little feet like minute white-heated coals of fire; and healthy blisters it made thereon, drawing out the nonsense from the very top of her young cranium. She toiled on, still looking to that distant vista which continually changed form and receded.

Once, when she heard a wagon rattling behind her, and stepped out of the way to let it pass, the driver's rough voice hailed her. "Hallo! hot trampin'—jump in, and ride a piece."

Jessie lifted her languid eyes to the horses—they were sleek, comely beasts, and drew a corresponding vehicle. She hardly looked at their owner, until, seated beside him on the springless seat, she was moving forward more rapidly and with less exhaustion. Of all those who, on horseback and in wagons, had passed her during those weary hours, this man had been the first to notice or offer her assistance. She lifted her face to thank him, but such a repulsive visage met her view as made her

start with fright; the head protruding forward, the brutish mouth, sinister eyes, and shaggy eyebrows, struck terror to her heart; which was not diminished when he inquired, with what was intended to be a sweet smile—"Where are you a travellin' to, purty one?"

"I'm going home," whispered Jessie hoarsely, "Oh, how I wish I were there!"

"Never mind; you just jog along with me, we'll get there soon enough."

"I believe," said Jessie, "that I'll get out now, if you please. I'm quite rested, and very much obliged to you." She rose up.

"You aint going to get away from me yet, my pigeon," said the man, catching her round the waist with one arm, and starting the horse afresh. Jessie sprang from his grasp, and hurled herself over the wagon-side upon the dusty grass. Before the man could check his team, she had flown like a frightened pigeon, indeed, across a fence and into a corn-field, through which she ran breathlessly towards the woods. The man watched the tall corn shaking above her flight, and bending forward upon his knees, yelled and laughed till those distant woods rang. Having enjoyed the adventure and the girl's fright to the utmost of his capacity, he lashed the horses and drove briskly on.

Poor Jessie at last reached the cool shade of beech and maple boughs, and sank nearly fainting on the sward. Fearing her tormentor was pursuing, she dragged herself on from spot to spot, hiding behind large trees, and quivering in all her nerves. The deepening shade convinced her that evening was coming on. She hastened her steps. The woods were preferable to the ride she had escaped, but poor Jessie thought she could not stay under their great pall and mournful rustle all night; it would drive her mad; she must be near some living being, or near a place frequented by some living being. Therefore, when she sank down at the roots of an enormous sycamore, utterly exhausted, she thanked God at seeing through the thickening twilight, a yellow trail of road, only a few paces from her. The solemn night spread itself over everything, and Jessie nestling on the ground, felt chill after chill shoot through her frame. A little gale blew up, and it grew cold. The sultry afternoon was to be followed by a shower, and a sleety shower it was that pelted the wanderer. Her shawl had been left in the grasp of the brutal man; her light dress was soon dripping. She became half delirious with fatigue and fear, and kept starting at every sound in her vast resting-place.

There came by-and-by a crashing through the under-brush behind her, and at the same time distant hoof-beats were to be heard approaching along the road. Poor Jessie's agonies seemed at a climax. The crashing of the under-brush was caused by a cow; but she felt wildly sure some ferocious beast was scenting her out—an escaped tiger, or what not—and that the approaching horseman must be Jason coming to her rescue. Who would be traversing such a lonely road at night, but he, in search of her? She held herself ready to leap from her partial concealment soon enough to attract his notice, without being so premature as to give advantage to the horror that must be now creeping upon her stealthily. Alas, it was the horror which Jessie was rushing to meet!

"Jason!" she screamed, throwing up her arms in frantic fear that he would fly past without seeing her—"Oh, Jason, stop! It's me! It's Jessie! Take me up! It's after me!"

The horseman curbed his steed so suddenly that it reared, and stooping over, snatched the girl up and lifted her before him, almost before her incoherent words were finished. A hot breath seared its track across Jessie's cheek, and as they dashed on through the slackening sleet, she shuddered with misgiving to see how her rescuer's eyes glared in the darkness.

"Jason!" she faltered, tremulously.

"Ha! ha!" chuckled the rider, in a low voice that made her blood stagnate. "They were after me, too! They won't get us! We'll ride—ah! we'll ride like——" Here he put his mouth to the girl's ear, and laughed such a rattle as shook her brain for years afterwards. "I've looked for you a long time," he went on. "I knew you were waiting for me somewhere. As soon as I got my chains off and mounted the horse, I began looking about for you. Now that we are together again, I'll hold you fast. We'll never be separated. We'll ride to——"

Before he had reached his hideous termination the second time, poor Jessie had fortunately fainted. She lay such a limp burden in his arms that he rode more slowly, while lights and figures were rushing out unperceived from the distance behind him. He was bending over his charge, trying to trace her features, when, trampling feet catching his attention, he turned and saw his pursuers, and yelled with maniac fury. It was a terrible chase, and for some time the madman's powerful horse enabled him to defy them. But the foaming beast stumbled, pitched forward, and fell. The lights flashed nearer, his pursuers dashed up, and as he rose from the ground,

still clinching his burden, prompt hands seized him; the maniac was soon venting harmless rage on his chains.

While the successful captors turned back with their prisoner, one of the men gathered up unconscious Jessie, and carried her gently before him to the next farm-house. It was Jason's anxious face that now kept guard above hers. He had traced her to the city, and by employing the police, had learned that she had left it, and by what road. Readily divining that she must be toiling home in penitence, he hastily obtained a horse and started to find her. He had, indeed, been riding through the darkness, fearful that she was without shelter, yet persuading himself that she was snug under some kindly roof. A party in pursuit of a madman, who had that day escaped from an asylum in the capital, overtook him, and he had joined them, hoping by their torch-light to find some trace of Jessie.

Poor Jessie! she lay a long time on Mrs. Milligan's great lounge, looking like death, as that fluttering woman declared, while the doctor bent over her, and Jason stood by, ready to render himself of quiet use; and while the frightened farmer's wife ran continually back and forth from sitting-room to kitchen, frequently making a bridge of several small Milligans whose midnight slumbers had been disturbed by the excitement. But Jessie was not injured, and she, after awhile, opened her eyes to her surroundings. On recognizing Jason, her convulsed face became calm, and she closed them again. The doctor now pronounced that her exhaustion and helplessness would be remedied by sleep, if the house could be rendered quiet; which it was; Mrs. Milligan forcibly assisting all her inquiring youths to retire, and then retiring herself.

Next day Jessie rode slowly home with Jason. She was healthy, and did not go into a brain fever, as heroines always do after sustaining severe physical shocks; they only left her a little weak. So Jason drove slowly, merely that he might talk to poor penitent Jessie about her waiting mother. During that ride she learned that her father's property had been left under a heavy mortgage at his death, in consequence of his having constituted himself security for a friend; that her mother had been laboring ever since to free the estate, and fretting herself almost to the grave, lest Jessie's inheritance should be taken away. The united efforts of Mrs. Lightfoot and Jason, together with the strict economy they had practised, had been so successful that the debt was now almost removed.

"Why didn't mother tell me this?" exclaimed Jessie, full of wonder and remorse.

"I scarcely know," answered their good friend, "unless it was because she dreaded to burden your light spirits with the care that was on her mind and mine. I felt all along that she was making a mistake, but I did not know how discontented you were, or I should certainly have broken my promise of secrecy, and told you myself. You have thought your mother cross, Jessie."

"It was my fault," broke in Jessie; "I was impatient and disrespectful."

"But," continued Jason, gravely, "if you are in future made to bear the trials she has borne; if you enter a family that refuses to recognize you; if you then lose your husband, and very nearly lose all your means of sustaining life, and if, through all these things, you shall have nothing to sustain you but youthful spirit, I believe it will fail, and you will be cross, too. But, farther, if your daughter, for whom you will have been wearing out your life in uncongenial drudgery, shall, in a fit of sullen discontent, run away from the roof you are striving to keep over her——"

"Oh, don't!" pleaded Jessie.

"Then, Jessie, I believe your spirit will not only faint, but be broken."

Jessie sobbed in silence, till lifting her head, the familiar homestead broke upon her view from a distance. What a sickening feeling oppressed her, until she saw hastening from the gate, her pale-faced mother coming to meet her!

Well, Jessie Lightfoot had had her lesson. When she passed from her mother's arms into the house, there to be soundly rated by Miss Chelsea, who, frightened for her, had hurried down from the capital; she bore it all with meekness, glad to be under charge of a mother who did not scold her when she thoroughly deserved it, instead of under charge of an aunt who appeared quite able to scold on all occasions.

There were two good results from what has been recorded of Jessie Lightfoot:—First, that as it brought Miss Chelsea into sympathy and contact with her nephew's widow, the prejudices of the former were overcome, and a gratifying intimacy established. And, secondly, that thereafter Jessie Lightfoot was Jason's devoted pupil, both in patience and in select literature; her old desire to become a lady, developing into the more dignified and Christian resolution to become a woman. And that from the date of her own adventure, no novel could ever convince her that there was anything delightfully romantic in running away.

WHY?

BY JENNIE GAIGE.

I WOULD question not the justice
Of the things which meet my eye,
Still this thought keeps struggling upward
Evermore unanswered—"Why?"

I have seen the just man punished
For no deed that he had done;
I have seen the unjust girded
Still his wicked course to run.

I have seen the weak back bended
With its load of toil and care,
I have seen the strong man idle
Through the day so long and fair.

Yet I knew the toiler gained not,
Though he strove with might and main;
To the idler came the treasure
Which he moved no hand to gain.

I have seen strange, tangled mysteries
Which I may not now relate;
You have felt them all around you,
Things you sometimes term your "Fate."

Though my heart will keep repeating
Still the long unanswered—"Why?"
Yet, God's wisdom never doubting,
We shall know all, by-and-by.

THE sculptor Gibson relates that one day he went into his studio, in Rome, and there found an American physician and his daughter, who, the father said, used to be getting hands and feet from his dissecting-room and modelling them, and at last insisted on going to Rome and studying under Mr. Gibson. Now, that gentleman did not take pupils, for he found they generally came to teach him, instead of learning from him; but he told the lady to call next day, when he set her to model in clay a bust of Medusa. Next day he went and found an uncommonly good copy; but he thought—"If I tell her it is 'an excellent copy,' I shall turn her head." So he said, "Not bad, but you can do better; try again," and defaced the copy. Next day she did better, and the advice and defacing were repeated. The third day he really was surprised to see what she had done, and took her as a pupil, on account of her spirit of perseverance and willingness to be thorough. This pupil, the first and only one that Gibson ever took into his studio, was Harriet Hosmer.

WHEN I dig a man out of trouble, the hole
that he leaves behind him is the grave where
I bury my own trouble.

HOW THE FIVE DOLLARS WERE INVESTED.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

IT was only a gift of five dollars, but it seemed a large sum indeed, to those two hard-working young sisters. Many were the plans devised for expending it, and many small sums in addition were cyphered up on the margin of an old paper, but still the conclusion was not reached. Indeed, they felt about as rich as if all the purchases they had thought of could be made. The money had been given to Susy by the great-aunt whose name she bore, but it never entered into her generous heart to use it for herself alone.

"It would get us each a lovely delaine dress for Sundays, Jenny," she said; "and leave me enough for a pair of shoes besides. But maybe it would be better to get us each a good dark calico, something that will make up nicely. You know we could wear them to church while they were new. I have seen calicoes that looked almost like delaines across the room. We had better get them both off the same piece, then we can save half a yard at least, cutting them out. Then, too, when both are worn out, we can make the two skirts into a good dress again. You know we have often done that."

Susy ceased talking for a little while, and began cyphering again on her old paper.

"Yes, we should have two dollars and sixty cents left after that, and what a number of things we could buy with it! A pair of gloves apiece for fifty cents; then a spool of cotton to make the dresses. We must make out for linings and facings somehow. You know those old ham-sacks Aunt Rachel gave me; I've washed and bleached them out until they are as white as can be. They will make good linings. I am so glad, now, I took the trouble. Then I think we can afford our two old gingham aprons for facings; they are so nearly worn out. If we could only manage to get us each a new one out of this money, wouldn't it be splendid? Your shoes are middling good, but mine are shabby enough. Shoes are so dear, I almost wish it was the fashion to go barefoot. Dear me! just now I thought we were rich; but when one comes to think over what one wants, it seems to me we are poorer than ever."

"I guess poor Patsy Pine would think herself rich with your five dollars. I was in there

to-day, and she was crying as hard as she could."

"Was she, Jenny? Has she any new trouble?"

"Yes, indeed; it does not seem much but trouble for her. The rent is behind-hand for two months, and the landlord says they must go out on Monday if they don't raise it. She says she can hardly raise enough to buy themselves potatoes and salt, and how she is to collect together four dollars, she cannot see. But her poor old mother is quite cheerful, and prays night and day that God will open some kind rich person's heart to help them. She says she believes He will hear and answer her yet, even if it is at the last moment."

"How I wish we were rich, Jenny," said Susy, nervously fingering the crisp new bill. "But we are rich compared with Patsy. Our food and lodging are sure, though we are rather poorly off for clothes. Still, we can't say we have suffered from cold, with each of us a warm blanket shawl. Poor Patsy! I do wish we could interest somebody in her. I wonder if Mrs. Delaven would not do something for her; they say she is very kind to poor people. If I only dare go and ask her. I would, in a minute, but my heart would be in my mouth if I should go up those grand marble steps, and ring her door-bell. I should hardly dare speak to her servant, much less to her. And yet how easy she could help Patsy and her mother, if she only knew about them, without denying herself a single thing. How nice it must be to be rich!"

"Well, we can go down and see poor Patsy, at least, when our work is done," said Jenny; "that will do her some good, I know. You try and cheer her up, Susy. I am sure she will get some place; you know folks always do when moving time comes, no matter how scarce houses are. Everybody always goes somewhere, though I often wonder how they manage."

Jenny's philosophy was always of a bright-side character, and it smoothed over the rough places of life wonderfully for both of the sisters.

They did call on poor Patsy, and mingled their tears of sympathy with hers. The result was a long, earnest talk together, when the old blue coverlet was snugly tucked about them; and before they went to sleep they had de-

cided on the final disposition of the five-dollar note.

"It will do her more good to have a house over her head than a new dress will us," reasoned Susy, as if to convince her sister. "You know we should have managed very well if I had never got this money, and of course we can do just as well now. The four dollars shall go for rent, and the odd dollar will give them a good start for provisions, you know. Dear me, I can hardly wait until morning, I want so much to run over and take it to them."

Very sweet was the sleep of the two young sisters, for the angels were hovering very near, that star-lit night. The first pink lines of light in the east saw Susy on her way to the little cottage, and an angel of mercy did she seem to the praying mother and daughter.

"I will take it as a loan for a little time," said the mother, "and bless God, and you, His messenger to me in my time of need. If a widow's fervent prayers can bring down a blessing, I am sure you will be blessed."

And she was blessed indeed, both temporally and spiritually. God never permits such an act of self-sacrifice for one of His suffering saints to pass unrewarded, even in this life. From a source so unexpected, it seemed almost a miracle, came a warm, substantial suit throughout for each of the two sisters. God had raised up friends for them in their poverty, who were able and ready to lend a helping hand to them, and who ever after befriended them. Their prosperity began on that eventful day when they so cheerfully made what was to them a great sacrifice for the sake of one of Christ's poor.

There is no paymaster like the Lord Jesus—no investment so sure as lending to Him in the person of His needy praying ones.

A LOST GENIUS.

I KNEW a woman once (says a writer in the *Atlantic*), gifted so extraordinarily by God, that she might have been a florist, a musician, an artist, a physician, a teacher, an evangelist—since to the mastery of any one of these callings she could have brought a nearly equal power and passion. Whatever her fiery mind fastened upon, it fused into itself, nor was there anything her cunning right hand sought to do in which it did not excel. At fourteen her precocity was so great, that her father cut short her studies, because she "knew enough for a woman," and made her teacher in his school.

At sixteen she married a young clergyman. Children came fast; her health gave way, but her energy remained. She was never idle a moment; but, alas! neither father, nor husband, nor all of her twelve brothers and brothers-in-law, saw that it would be better economy to give the genius they were all so proud of, a musical or an artistic, or a medical education, that she might pay with her earnings some commoner mortal to make clothes for her little ones, than to let her do it herself with the painful toil of the needle. And she had been brought up with too narrow a vision of woman's duties and destinies, to understand herself that she was wasting her life and abusing her powers. All her ready gifts were, in her eyes, merely appropriate "feminine accomplishments," and to make fame or money out of them never occurred to her as a possibility, far less as a duty. And yet her mind was ever in a fever of desire, of invention, of agonized craving for the realization of the dreams of beauty, beneficence, of friendship, that tormented her. The music rang in her ears, the pictures floated before her eyes; the fearful and wonderful human organism haunted her brain; the dread mysteries of sin and suffering, the awfulness of human responsibility, the glories of salvation, burned upon her lips as she taught her children their daily Bible lesson; and still, nailed to her chair, the swift needle went in and out—went, as it often seemed to her, through her delicate lungs as often as through the cloth—until at nine-and-thirty the struggle ended. The body, after long paroxysms of exquisite anguish, gave up its strong hold on life, and the rich soul exhaled away to Heaven, rejoicing to escape from the bars against which it had so long beaten its bright wings in vain. I saw her in her coffin, with an expression of freedom and exaltation upon her marble features that seemed a glory reflected down from her now triumphing far-off spirit, and I resolved to remember the woe and earthly wreck of her thwarted nature, and never to cease until I saw some better way for women than this which can so horribly waste and abuse their finest powers.

WHEN Theodore Hook was asked for a donation to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, he replied that he had no money to give away; but if they sent him a Jew he would try and convert him. This was not quite what the society required, and Hook never heard from them again.

THE DEERINGS OF MEDBURY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Ah," said Ruth, "it takes much to kill young folks, or nobody would reach thirty."

CHAPTER I.

IT was a wonderful day for the Deerings of Medbury. That long, long road of fortune, which had been such a rough, scrambling, hand-to-hand fight with them, had turned at last of a sudden, and the outlook made them a little dizzy and bewildered; much as one is apt to be climbing up a mountain side, the path rough, stony, gullied with freshets, shut in by scrub oak, and white birch, and mountain pines, when you turn suddenly and find yourself on the summit.

There it is; the wind which has been waiting for you since the dawn of creation—the vast green space of meadows, cool, sunny valleys, like dimples in the landscape, the silver cordage of the streams, the reaches of still, moist meadows. Looking out on all these, you draw a deep breath full of delicious pleasure, yet a little scared. So did the Deerings.

Yet, when you come down to plain facts, the plum which had fallen into the family lap seemed of no astonishing size or sweetness, for it was simply the engagement of the eldest daughter; and in a country where, according to Tom Jefferson, "all men are born free and equal," and princes and nobles in disguise cannot fall in love with charming dairy-maids and shepherdesses, and end with setting them in palaces and castles, and making them queens and duchesses; the engagement of a well-bred, intelligent, lady-like and very pretty young woman, to a man not more than half a dozen years her senior—a man, too, of whom the most that could honestly be said would hardly amount to more than that he was rich, or in a fair way to be; intelligent, good-natured, and moderately good-looking—no very dazzling summary, as you see, of personal qualities for a young New Englander, especially for one who had had an unusually fair start at the beginning.

Yet I doubt whether any peasant damsel, whose fair face shines down on us, embalmed in the sweet ballads and madrigals of mediæval times, ever felt her heart swell with a prouder joy over the wooing of her noble lover, or a keener sense of the great honor that had fallen to her, than did Agnes Deering on the morning when, full of blushes and tremors, she confided

the fact to her family in the little sitting-room after breakfast.

It took them all thoroughly by surprise, too, for Agnes had been absent from home during the last three or four months, except on brief visits, teaching a district school, on a low salary, a few miles from Medbury.

It was not precisely a case of love at first sight, yet it came near this, as most novels do which are founded on fact.

Leander Sullivan had seen Agnes Deering at church and at singing-school several times, and her face had always pleased him. Every man, I suppose, has his favorite type; and this girl's was young Sullivan's, because it was totally unlike his own, perhaps.

It happened just at this time that the young man had some marsh lands in process of draining in the township where Agnes was teaching. This took him out often to the house of a general overseer of the business, who happened to reside opposite to the boarding place of the young teacher.

She was at this overseer's one afternoon when young Sullivan came in. A pretty woman may at times be a beautiful one. A sudden dye of blushes, a ribbon at her throat, a knotting of hair, will sometimes work wonders. For some occult cause, Agnes Deering had never looked better than she did on this especial afternoon. Perhaps her surroundings had something to do with her appearance, too, for a homely, old-fashioned country house and people made a stronger background of contrast with Agnes's lady-like appearance and manner. They set her, unconsciously to herself, more at her ease than she would have been among the conventionalisms of Medbury.

The two had a long chat together; and when his overseer appeared on the ground at last, young Sullivan went away quite fascinated with Miss Deering.

The marsh lands took him out of town very often that summer; and it went hard with him if he did not manage to see the young teacher's graceful figure, and get at least a bow and a smile, if not a few words, before he returned.

He soon learned the school hours, and contrived to waylay the young lady several times on her coming home at night, and both seemed

to glide with marvellous smoothness into animated conversation.

Of course, there is no lack of truth in the homely old distich about

"Many a slip
Twixt cup and lip."

Still a great point is made towards a final climax, when a woman has once, consciously or unconsciously, gained a strong foothold in a man's thought and interest.

The more young Sullivan saw of Agnes Deering, the more he reflected about her when absent; and at last, from meetings on the roadside, and brief chats at the gate, he grew, when even business brought him out, to stopping at the house where she resided, and he brought her flowers, a rare bouquet or two from his sister's conservatory. Agnes had occasionally passed by it, stopping to gaze at the beautiful flowers behind the glass, and fancying it must be much like dwelling in Paradise, to live among all that fragrance and loveliness.

The young man also brought the teacher books, poems and volumes which he happened to hear her say she fancied; and last of all, he had invited her two or three times to take a short drive with him.

Of course, Miss Deering had her flurries and flutterings. She was a young woman of native good sense, and by no means the typical, modern heroine who figures so charmingly in novels, and who is so blissfully oblivious of the most salient proofs of a man's interest in her, until the final denouement completely overwhelms her with surprise.

But Agnes Deering did not feel assured that young Sullivan's attentions amounted to anything more than pleasant friendliness on his part. She was a little afraid of him, and the consciousness of his wealth, in contrast with her poverty, although it slipped into the background when she was under the magnetism of his presence, was sure to return in painful force with his absence.

There was a certain native dignity in the girl's manner, partly the result of circumstances, partly that of innate self-respect, which did not make any lover-like demonstrations easy on the man's part; indeed, this good-natured Leander Sullivan was less his free, careless, natural self, in the presence of this woman, than in that of any other.

Then Agnes Deering had an uncomfortable feeling at times, lest the young man was trying to flirt with her. The thought brought such a sting of pain and self-humiliation, that she resolved not to see him if he should call again;

but somehow, Miss Deering never found quite the courage to put her resolution into practice. In her visits home, too, the girl wanted to enlighten her people respecting the young man's calls; but when it came to the point she could not make them a matter of jest, as she could any other young man's attentions, and she was too proud to treat the matter seriously, so she kept her secret. It was like a woman. Then, in these visits home, she realized more sharply than ever all the differences in the positions of the Deerings and Sullivans, which, after all, money would have bridged over.

Leander Sullivan was regarded as the best matrimonial prize in Medbury; the marriageable young men of that place, as in most New England towns, being in alarming minority.

Miss Deering had had her admirers, of course, styled commonplace men, who could not vitally interest an intelligent and naturally refined woman. She was conscious that she was pretty, and glad of it, still she was hardly vain; her good looks, thus far, had served her little purpose, and she was twenty-five already.

Finding that she could not talk about Leander Sullivan as she could about anybody else, Agnes was obliged to content herself with relating to her family the accidental interview she had had with the young man at his overseer's, and how agreeable and natural he was—no airs, nor consciousness of any Sullivan superiority about him.

Poor Mrs. Deering was weak enough to remember, that now Agnes would be on speaking terms with a Sullivan if the two chanced to meet in public, and Medbury folks were apt to take note of such things; but Mrs. Deering was too sensible a woman to repeat such a thought to her daughters, which all mothers might not have been.

On the day that Agnes's school closed, Leander Sullivan came out and invited her to another drive. Agnes had promised herself that she never would accept another of these invitations; but this was to be the last one, smothering down a pain, which was like a knife's, with the thought. The temptation proved too strong for Agnes, and she went.

All this time that sturdy self-respect, which the girl inherited with her blood, and which had tided the Deerings over many a heavy sea, prevented her from admitting to her own heart even, that she felt any especial interest in Leander Sullivan. But for all that, this summer had brought Miss Deering the keenest joy, and the sharpest pain of her life. She was full of moods and unrest. She had lost self-

poise, was gay sometimes, miserable at others, but altogether prettier, and with a sparkle and brilliancy in her talk and manner which made her more attractive than ever.

Leander Sullivan had no settled purpose beyond seeing Agnes, when they started out on the drive; but he was an impulsive fellow, and had always been used to having his own way, and Agnes was so secretly at strife with herself, that she was half reckless that afternoon, overflowing with jest and mirth, her face full of a bright defiance, that would have excited some grave doubts in any one who knew her and womankind tolerably well. But to Leander Sullivan she was simply more charming than ever; the one woman sitting by his side, whom out of the whole world his heart craved to possess, and love and cherish for his very own.

There was a pause in the talk, and the fellow made a dreadfully bungling matter of it. A man is apt to when he feels he puts his whole life at stake in a few words.

"Miss Deering," he said, "I don't want to tell you so, but I can't help it. The fact is, I'm in love with you;" and then he sat still, wondering the heavens didn't fall, and cursing himself for a thundering fool.

"Mr. Sullivan!" exclaimed Agnes, turning color all over, and for her life the poor girl could not get any further.

But the fright and amazement in her voice brought Leander to his wits again. He turned and faced the girl, although he felt that act required a greater effort than walking up square into the cannon's mouth and — Well, it seems sacrilegious, after all, for you and me to go over it. It is their own love's holy ground. We have no right there.

As for Agnes Deering, she returned to her home at Medbury the next day. It made even her own great joy sweeter to think of the surprise and delight she was carrying to her family; but once in their presence, the very weight and depth of her happiness held back the words from her lips. She was half afraid to touch on it, and actually went to bed, leaving everybody as much in the dark as ever.

But the next morning, after breakfast, it came out. Her father was just about starting for his work, and the little ten-year-old housemaid, who could wash dishes and wait on the door, and whose services the Deerings could ill afford to maintain, although they stretched the point hard, for gentility's sake, had left the room, when Agnes burst out with—"Father, don't go yet; I've something to tell you."

Marcia, the next sister, and Hollis, the youngest, looked up in surprise.

"I hope it's nothing bad, daughter?" said the mother, with a little anxiety in her tone, the natural habit of her voice now-a-days.

"Oh, no, mamma; I think it will give you a profound surprise, but beyond that a greater pleasure."

Agnes spoke now with some feeling in her tones, which struck them all.

"Why, what is it? Don't keep us waiting, Agnes," said more than one voice.

"Last night Leander Sullivan took me to drive, and he asked me if I would be his wife; and I promised him I would. Oh, papa! mamma! girls!"—voice and face suddenly all breaking up—"how shall I tell you? Wont you give me joy?"

To attempt a description of what followed would be hopeless. There was a dead silence; they sat staring at her and each other, in doubt whether the girl had not gone suddenly distraught, and Agnes, seeing that in their faces, broke out again—"It's the solemn truth. God knows it, and Leander."

At last the tongues were loosed, and such a storm of exclamations and questions as followed. Agnes had the whole story to go over with now.

It was the crowning moment of her life; she would never forget it, sitting there in the midst of the dear, eager faces, full of amazement and joy, and going over the story of her betrothal.

There the family sit—five of them, "all told"—father, mother, and three girls; and thus far their rôle in the drama of life has been set down to them—a very bitter one—Pride and Poverty!

Behind this lies usually some weakness or wrong, far oftener than inevitable misfortune. In this case, the blame or fate lies at the door of the head of the family. He is one of those men who seem to have a mysterious affinity for bad luck. He came of good stock at the start, with an inheritance that in thrifty hands would have laid the foundations of an ample fortune. But give this man a fee simple of the Indies, and it would all have slipped through his fingers in visionary speculations.

The best that Wallace Deering could do for himself was to fall into some regular business routine, planned by shrewder heads, where he would carry himself faithfully and respectably. He had for half a score of years occupied a situation as clerk and bookkeeper in a small manufacturing establishment. He received a

salary which involved all sorts of domestic shifts and economies on the part of the family, and brought life down to the daily solving of the one hard, ever-present problem—how to make both ends meet.

You can imagine something of the sensation which Agnes Deering's announcement created in the family heart. They all, father, mother, and sisters, went up to her and kissed her with something of the feeling with which in ancient times they rendered homage to one of their household, exalted suddenly to a new rank, being sought as the bride of prince or noble. It was evident that from henceforth Agnes was to be the grand lady of the family, and it was amusing to hear these people talk—touching, too.

"I think I've had my reward at last," said poor Mrs. Deering, with eyes full of pride and tenderness on her first-born. "The Lord has seen how hard and faithfully I've struggled to bring up my family properly and respectably."

Propriety and respectability were parts of this woman's creed, you saw.

"Why, Angie," broke in Hollis, in her quaint, downright way, "I think you must be better looking than we ever fancied, to have Leander Sullivan fall in love with you. Perhaps you are a beauty, after all, and we never found it out!" and she looked at her sister curiously, with wide, intent, brown eyes.

Everybody laughed; but then a very poor joke would have set the Deerings laughing that morning, or crying, either.

"I always thought, mother, Agnes was more like what you used to be than either of the others," said Mr. Deering, rubbing his hands with pleased briskness.

A gratified smile glowed in the mother's worn face. She looked at her husband, a tall, thin man, with sparse, grizzled hair and beard, in a suit of rusty black. She did not see him as he was now, for the years—a whole half century of them, had slipped away. She was a young maiden, as Agnes was now, in the dew and blossoming of her first love, looking off with careless, confident hope and pride to her future.

Most sorely had the years disappointed Mrs. Deering. Medbury had formed the stage of her life; and it was an ambitious little town, with its petty social cliques and castes almost as absolute in their way as the Brahmins.

Mrs. Deering had had a terrible struggle to maintain what she regarded as a decent foothold among her friends and neighbors, on very inadequate means. She had been worn, fretted,

almost crushed at times in the strife. She had her little history of secret slights and neglects, which had gone to the very quick. Do not smile over this, as though it were hardly above the warfare of some colony of ants. It was all real to Mrs. Deering. She was a mother, and had her ambitions for her daughters. She was a woman, and had her creeds and grooves, over which, it is true, a broad, finely-tempered nature would have looked with calm indifference; but Mrs. Deering was only a very common-place, well-meaning, average woman.

All that morning there was a buzz of tongues. The father was at last obliged to tear himself away to business most reluctantly, and the women had it to themselves.

"To think you've kept it all this time to yourself, Agnes Deering!" said Marcia, in a half-injured tone. "Why how we should have felt had we known. Why didn't you tell us?"

"Because I was not sure it would ever amount to anything; and then, though I wanted to, I found I couldn't talk about it."

"I understand all about that, my dear," interposed the girl's mother, with another of the proud, tender glances, of which Agnes had been the object all this morning.

"But what will folks say when the thing actually comes out? That's what I'm thinking," continued Marcia. "All Medbury will be alive with it. Our Agnes actually engaged to Leander Sullivan! You know that he is the greatest match in town. And just think, mamma, you will be the mother of Mrs. Leander Sullivan! Doesn't that sound well? And our Agnes here will have her elegant home, and her handsome carriage, and live in style——"

"Oh, do stop, Marcia, do!" screamed Agnes, her face burning scarlet; and she buried it in her hands.

Marcia is a slender, lady-like girl, with a general resemblance to her mother and elder sister. She has a fair complexion, set off with peachy bloom, and bright eyes. She will never startle anybody with any marked originality of thought or feeling, but will keep herself in her own orbit, that of tradition and commonplaces; decencies and gentilities being her credit also, living always on the surfaces of things.

Hollis speaks again. She is two years younger than Marcia, and as unlike either sister as possible. Where she came on her brown skin, her mother cannot imagine; on her brown eyes, too, with their large, bright, intent look. She is not so pretty as her two elder sisters; and yet once in a while something will come into her face, exalting and

irradiating it out of its original mood, and then somebody seeing it will call Hollis Deering beautiful, and others will search her face for some hidden meaning and magnetism there, and perhaps they will find it, but more likely not.

There is a kind of honest downrightness in the girl, which has always given her mother a good deal of perplexity. Hollis is as odd as her name, Mrs. Deering thinks sometimes, and looks anxiously at the girl, in doubt what sort of a woman she is going to make; whether she is not the speckled sheep of the family.

The sex of her youngest daughter was a grievous disappointment to Mrs. Deering. She had set her heart on a son, who was to bear her own name, and redeem, sooner or later, the family fortunes; but fate, with one fell stroke, swept away all those pretty vistas, only Mrs. Deering would not be worsted about her family name, and with a sigh she set it down on the head of her youngest daughter.

"How do you think Leander's family will feel about his choice?" asked Hollis, in her blunt, positive way of getting at facts.

There was a little uncomfortable silence.

"He has a right to his own preferences, and people always make the best of those things," said the mother, making a general thing of a particular fact, which affected them all so closely.

Agnes flushed up with some secret pain.

"Of course, his family would prefer that Leander had taken a wealthy wife," she said; "but I am sure it will not make the slightest difference with him. I doubt if he has once thought of it."

"Of course," said Hollis, walking up and down the room in her rapid, positive way, which had little of Marcia's swinging grace, "his family, being the people they are, will be anything but gratified with his choice—you must make up your mind to that, Agnes. When he says to them, as he will, for he has proved himself a man true enough, and strong enough to say it—"I have not chosen Agnes Deering for my wife because of her riches, or her position, but because she was the woman after my own heart; because of her own-self; because she is good and fair and lovely in my eyes, above all living women;" when he says this to them they will think he is a fool, as men always are when they have fallen in love with a woman.

"But Leander Sullivan will say this from his heart, Agnes, and all the life to come you will remember that; and I think it will be

more to you than the fact that he is a rich man, and that he will place you in a new position, and surround you with elegance; and the sweetest thought in all your future happiness must be—"He sought me, and loved me only for the woman I was, and for what I could be to him."

Sometimes this brown, shy Hollis flashed out in sudden power and eloquence, which shook the family heart to its centre, lifting it out of its warping pettiness and worries, and small ambitions, into a clearer, stronger, loftier mood.

In prettiness, in grace, in light, foamy agreeable talk, Marcia quite put her younger sister to shame; but when Hollis was aroused, her words went down into immortal deeps of truth and feeling, where Marcia's shrank back like cowered, affrighted things, not daring to follow her.

Hollis Deering's words struck now to the quick, not alone to the newly betrothed maiden, but of all the others. Agnes sprang up, rushed to her sister—"Dear Hollis, you are right," she said, her voice choking through her tears. "That one thought will be sweeter than all the splendor or the riches; and if these should go, I should still have the other, the best. Oh, I thought I knew before, but I did not, what Leander's love was to me, and I am unworthy of it, and I see now how unutterably good God has been to me!"

And then these four women did after the manner of women—all cried together—and after that, Marcia did not talk much of the mere good fortune, of the position, and the splendor that had fallen to Agnes. It seemed somehow to slip away into the background, and that it would be a sort of sacrilege to go there—for that morning, at least.

CHAPTER II.

"Mother," said Mrs. Hester Kittredge, coming into Mrs. Sullivan's room, her hat on, and her India shawl dragging along the carpet—"I believe our Leander's been making a fool of himself."

"Why, what do you mean, Hester?" asked the elder lady, laying down her sewing, and removing her glasses, which Mrs. Sullivan, being a remarkably well-looking and well-preserved matron, had only begun to use at intervals.

"Just what I say, and I am seriously annoyed and alarmed. The fellow is actually smitten, I fear."

"Oh, nonsense, Hester!" in a tone of relief.

"Is that all? I thought you knew Leander too well to be startled by any buzz of Medbury gossip. If he looks at a girl, somebody's sure to fancy he's fallen in love with her."

"But, mother, it isn't best to be too secure. You never can be certain what tack a man's fancy may take; and I hardly made a call this afternoon, where there was not some allusion to Mr. Sullivan's attentions to Agnes Deering. I paid no regard to it at first, but when I found he was really in the habit of calling at the house, nobody knows how often, and that they had been seen within the last week riding out twice together, why, I tell you, it won't do to shut our eyes; it's time to look into the matter."

"Deering—Deering!" said the mother, in a half-convicted, half-incredulous tone—"I don't seem to remember the name."

"Of course, you don't. It doesn't belong to anybody who visits in our set. Indeed, they have no position, for they're poor as church mice—and respectable, of course; but there's an end of them. The father, it seems, is a bookkeeper on some starvation salary, in Maxwell's grain-house. Can't you remember when we have driven out on Birch Avenue, a little straw-colored cottage, that stands back from the road, and a pretty door-yard full of flowers in front; just the sort of house which makes me think of genteel beggary? Well, these Deerings live there."

"I think I recall the house," said Mrs. Sullivan, reflectively.

"This Agnes, it appears, is the eldest daughter. I've met her occasionally, I think, at public places, fairs and concerts, &c. A pretty presentable girl enough; but, then, what's that? We don't want the boy to marry her."

"Of course not," answered the mother, decidedly enough. "But I cannot think that Leander has ever seriously thought of such a thing. Still, it may be time, as you say, to look into the matter. Such things are best nipped in the bud."

"Of course they are; and you know Leander is stubborn as a mule, and once get him deeply interested in a woman, no matter what she was, or her family, there would be no moving him."

"That's very true, Hester," answered the elder lady.

"I've made up my mind to break the ice at once with him, and find out if there's danger ahead," added Mrs. Kittredge. She was a woman of energy, a woman to do in a certain sphere just what she said she would. You saw that in her face, felt it in her tones even. She

was a handsome, stylish woman, too; one who attracted attention anywhere, by her bearing, her grace, her elegance. She was younger than her brother, having only been married three years. People said Hester Sullivan had made a splendid match when she married Ambrose Kittredge, the wealthiest and most influential man in the ambitious little town of Medbury. He was President of the Bank, and of the slate-mines, a dozen miles out of town, and a large stockholder in the iron-works, and a heavy real estate dealer into the bargain. His age considerably doubled his wife's, but he looked like a man hardly past his prime, and he had the business genius. On whatever thing Ambrose Kittredge brought his clear intellect, his shrewd foresight, to bear, that thing was certain to prosper. The world needs just such people. It would be far better off if it had more of these practical brains; but then the trouble is, people don't use the brains they are started with, and then inveigh against God, man, fate, everything but their own selves, where the fault lies.

The Kittredges lived in the substantial elegance their wealth and position demanded. In the midst of handsome grounds, just in the suburbs of Medbury, stood the large stone house, flanked with towers at either end; if it was somewhat ambitious, it was solid, too, like everything about Ambrose Kittredge. Inside, everything was in exquisite taste; not ostentatious—the mistress of the house was too refined for anything of that sort, and took a genuine delight in her pictures and conservatory, quite outside of their market value.

The Sullivans had long before been the wealthiest family in Medbury; and although of late years their prosperity had suffered some decadence, their position was a substantial fact, and they had always maintained it. Since Hester's marriage, the old home had been broken up, the mother and brother residing with her. Both of the ladies doated on Leander, as was natural, he being the only son and brother, and one, on the whole, to uphold the family pride and honor.

He was social, and fond of ladies' society, and his relatives had taken it for granted that his marriage, if the fellow ever really came to it, would be one to gratify the family ambition.

Mrs. Kittredge, however, had seriously taken the alarm from all which she had heard that afternoon, and succeeded in more or less infecting her mother with her own fears respecting Leander's attentions to Miss Deering. But the

subject of their conversation, himself suddenly startled the ladies by entering the room.

"Why, Leander, what has brought you home so early to-day?" inquired Mrs. Kittredge.

"Got through business early, that's all. Been out driving, Hester?"

"Yes," making a straight path to the subject on her mind; "and I heard some strange stories about you, young man, before I returned."

Leander was used to his elegant sister's imperious manner, and could retort on occasion, though he was naturally good-natured.

"What did you hear about me, pray?"

"Enough to be sincerely desirous you would be a little more careful, Leander Sullivan, for your family's sake, what company you keep, and not get your name mixed up with all sorts of people."

In an instant Leander's suspicions were awake. He was a brave fellow enough; but, if the truth must be told, he had been secretly dreading the moment when he must make the avowal to his family of the woman he had chosen for his wife. He knew perfectly well that his selection would not gratify their pride and ambition; and though he was prepared to brave anything for his love's sake, still Leander Sullivan would have been a worse son and brother than he was, not to feel a keen regret that his choice of a wife would be a sharp disappointment to the mother and the sister who idolized him.

He flushed now up to the roots of his sandy hair; but the time had come, and Leander Sullivan was man enough to meet it.

"I have never kept any company, or mixed up my name with people, who would disgrace my family. I shall not be likely to do it now," he said, quietly enough, but with some dignity not exactly his habit.

The reply was not assuring. Mrs. Sullivan entered the lists now.

"But, Leander, I understand precisely what Hester means; and really she has reason to be annoyed."

"At what, mother?" drawing himself up as he stood by the mantel, and fingering one of the vases a little nervously.

"It appears you have been visiting some young lady, and taking her out to drive frequently of late."

"Of course you know whom I mean," broke in Mrs. Kittredge. "That Agnes Deering."

"What do you know of her?" putting down the vase, and standing still.

"Not much. She's good enough in her way,

no doubt; but her circle is an entirely different one from ours."

The flush had not died out in the young man's face, and his manner did not satisfy the ladies.

"I suppose there may be young women out of our circle who are quite as interesting, and worthy, and lovable, as those in it."

"Very likely," said Mrs. Kittredge, with sufficient asperity, gathering her shawl about her graceful shoulders. "I do not dispute that point. Only, Leander, do be reasonable. You know that, socially, the position of such young women, whatever their virtues may be, is beneath yours, and that your attentions in such quarters only opens the door to gossip, and in the woman's case awaken hopes that you can never gratify. The whole thing is injudicious; and you are old enough, and ought to be wise enough, to see it, and carry yourself accordingly."

"Yes, my son," again interposed the mother. "Really, Hester is right."

"No, mother, Hester is wrong," speaking very quietly, and with a kind of slow resolvedness in his voice, quite at variance with himself. "I shall never awaken any hopes in Agnes Deering's case that I shall not fulfil to the utmost."

The ladies looked at each other in startled amazement.

"What do you mean, Leander?" cried Mrs. Kittredge. "Do come a little closer to the point."

"Well, I will, Hester. I mean simply that I asked Agnes Deering, three weeks ago, if she would be my wife, and she consented."

Mrs. Kittredge sprang to her feet. "Good Heavens!" she cried, in her consternation.

"Leander Sullivan!" exclaimed his mother; and neither lady could get any further for the moment.

Leander Sullivan felt braver, more of a man and of a hero, at that moment, than he had ever felt in his life before. He drew a deep breath or two. It seemed as though some weight rolled off his soul.

"I know that Agnes Deering will come to me without a dollar; I know that her family and her position are not such as will gratify your pride or ambition; but when it comes to the woman of my heart's love and choosing, would you have me such a coward, such a monster as to weigh these things in the balance? Her sweetness, her truth, her goodness, are the things which drew me to love her; they will make a stronger and a better man of

me, and for the rest, is she not intelligent, graceful, beautiful?"

"Leander," interrupted Mrs. Kittredge, impatient and scornful, you talk like a man in love, and the whole race are fools and madmen, and ought to wear a cap and bells when that time comes. I've seen this paragon, about whom your son raves after the fashion of lovers"—turning to her mother—"and as for beauty, she is no more than a moderately good-looking girl; and for her intelligence, I presume she's fairly fitted to be what she is—a village district school-teacher. Really, Leander Sullivan, I wish you joy in your choice selection of a Dulcinea!"

It was hard on Leander. For one moment the blaze in his eyes daunted the woman standing before him in her pride and beauty, and who, in her grief and anger, had probably gone a little farther than she intended.

It would certainly have been a relief to Leander Sullivan if he could have knocked her down, but she was a woman, and his sister.

To have his Agnes, whose face he thought must be in all eyes what it was in his own, sweet and radiant as an angel's, called only a moderately good-looking girl, and all the gifts and graces of a mind he believed so fine and rare, flouted in that way!

But at that precise moment, Mrs. Sullivan, who was usually a very dignified and imposing matron, burst into tears.

"To think that any woman should have caught my only son, the pride of my heart, in her toils!" she cried."

Just then, Mr. Kittredge entered the room.

(To be continued.)

A SAILOR, while explaining the third figure of the quadrille to his messmate, thus described it:—"You first heave ahead," said he, "and pass your adversary's yard-arm, regain your berth on the other tack in the same order, take your station with your partner in line, back and fill, and then fall on your heel, and bring up with your partner; she then manœuvres ahead, off alongside of you; then make sail in company with her until nearly astern of the other line, make a stern board, cast her off to shift for herself, regain your place the best way you can, and let go your anchor."

WERE but human beings always that which they are in their best moments, then should we know here already on earth a Kingdom of Heaven, of beauty and of goodness.

FREDERIKA BREMER.

MAGDALEN.

BY FAUSTINE.

I STAND here in the autumn day,
A blot upon its face—
A blackened soul upon the earth,
Without a hope of grace.

A balmy softness fills the air,
The sky is blue and clear,
And hazy purple tints enshroud
The landscape far and near.

The ivy flings its clinging arms
Around the garden wall,
And through the apple boughs above,
The golden sunbeams fall.

The scarlet creeper coils about
The twisted ivy vine,
And presses kisses on its leaves
With lips as red as wine.

The fire-bird leaves its nest high up
Among the gnarled limbs,
And out upon the scented air
Trills joyful morning hymns.

All things are fair, and pure, and bright,
That meet my weary eye,
But I—a guilty, sin-stained wretch—
Oh, God, that I might die!

IN BLOSSOM-TIME.

IT'S oh my heart, my heart!
To be out in the sun and sing;
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and blossoming.

Sing loud, oh, bird, in the tree!
Oh, bird, sing loud in the sky!
And honey-bees blacken the clover-beds—
There are none of you glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind,
Laugh low with the wind at play;
And the odoriferous call of the flowers all
Entices my soul away.

For oh, but the world is fair, is fair,
And oh, but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossoming mould,
And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak
I will fold in the lily's rim,
That the lips of the blossom, more pure and meek,
May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the hedgerow green, oh, thrush,
Oh, skylark, sing in the blue;
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,
And my soul shall sing with you.

Overland Monthly.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

THE TEA-KETTLE'S PROPHECY.

BY MAY LEONARD.

ONCE on a time—"When?" Dear me! children are so inquisitive! Forever pinning one down to details with their "whens," "wheres," "whys," and "what for's."

Well, then, it was in the days of turnpikes and stage-coaches, of spinning-wheels and foot-stoves; when people had few books, but those few were well thumbed and worth reading; when they dressed in homespun, and were neither ashamed nor afraid of hard work; when the race was harder and healthier than now; when parents were energetic and earnest, and children were obedient.

Go back to these days, children, and find a quiet little village nestling among the mountains, with one lonely farm-house apart from the rest, looking, in the distance, like a stray lamb or kitten. It is such a dear, trim, tidy and (in the best sense of the word) *homely* house, that perhaps you would like to enter.

You see a dresser stored with shining plates and neatly arranged dishes; a round-table, that, by slipping a bolt, may be used as a screen; a great clock, over the face of which a painted ship rocks on a painted ocean, while a painted moon appears, in shape corresponding to the neat luminary. You see a spinning-wheel and a huge open fireplace, in one end of which stands a *settle*, where, in winter evenings, one may sit with one side nearly roasted by the fire, while Jack Frost bites the other.

You see many things of interest until you catch a glimpse of the only living being in the house, and then you have eyes for nothing else. Such a quaint, staid, demure little body! In size, a child; in appearance, a woman. That is because of her old-fashioned dress. Mabel is only six years of age, but her hair, caught up woman-like with a comb, her homespun gown, with its short waist, full sleeves, and long, scant skirt, make her look like some wee mite of a grandmother.

She is a child, however, like other children, as can be guessed by her rag-baby carefully tucked away under a blanket, fast asleep.

Mabel sits by an open window, with an open book before her, from the pages of which she can just spell out the words. She has heard it read so often, that she has almost the whole by heart.

Would you like to know what little girls read in those far-off days?

These are the words at which the small fingers point:—"So one of the chickens went to the trough to drink, and every time she drank she lifted up her head and eyes towards Heaven." Do you know

where they are to be found? I hope so. It was one of the things seen by Christiana and her children in the house of the Interpreter. But Mabel's thoughts had evidently travelled away from this celebrated chicken, for her eyes have a dreamy expression, and her face a look of sweet happiness, as if she saw the Delectable Mountains or the Land of Beulah. Mabel never tired of the story of Christian's progress, and that of his family; but what romances were whispered by her own busy fancy I cannot say. Who can guess the childish day-dreams of our great-grandmothers? Simple, innocent, healthful, no doubt.

There lies upon the table a paper, at which Mabel longs to peep; but papers are rare treasures, and this has been, or is to be, read by nearly every family in the village, and so she dares not touch it.

The little girl feels herself quite a woman to-day, for she is left, for the first time in her life, at home alone to "mind the house." Her father is busy in the hay-field, and her mother, famous for skill in medicine, has taken a great bundle of herbs and roots, and gone to supply the place of the village doctor. She trusts her careful little daughter, and has even told her that when the hands of the great clock reach a certain point, she may take the tinder-box and light the fire.

The kettle already hangs upon the trammel, the solid logs are piled beneath it, and Mabel has lighted fires before this. The afternoon has passed off pleasantly; she has knit her stint, fed the chickens, and separated two fighting-cocks. She has dusted and put the room nicely to order, and gathered a nosegay to ornament the dresser. She has done all that her mother wished, and more, too, and the moments begin to drag slowly along.

Suddenly she thinks, why may she not have supper all ready to surprise her mother, when she comes home weary and longing for rest? So the little woman goes to work in earnest, drawing out the round-table, and spreading the snowy cloth, made from flax her father's hands planted, and her mother's spun and wove. She stands a-tiptoe on a chair to reach some of the dishes, but moves so carefully, taking one at a time, that nothing is cracked or broken. It takes a *long* time, but at last the table is all laid—and very nicely, too. Such a supper! Tempting brown and wheaten bread, nice cheese and golden butter, rich cream, just skimmed by Mabel's own hands, tarts that melt in the mouth, and cake and preserves such as would make *any* one feel hungry.

The fire burns brightly, and the room looks cosy and home-like. Really tired, little Mabel draws

her tiny chair before the blazing, crackling logs, and waits her mother's return.

"There's no place like home, daughter," said Mabel's mother, as she laid aside her "calash." "I'm sore tired, dear; but my draughts worked wondrous well, and if Martha Dawson be but eased of her pain, I need not fret at that, a night's rest will cure. Supper all ready! You have done well, dear. Blow the horn to call father, and we'll sit down directly."

Mabel felt repaid. "Well done," from her mother's lips, meant a *great deal*.

"And what of the prophecy?" you ask.

Mabel's mother laughed at her story of the kettle's song, and said she had been dreaming; and so the matter was passed over.

For many long years the kettle was in use, for its day was in the days of honest work, rather than show. It became a family heir-loom, jeered and scoffed at by many a gay little upstart pot of one-half its worth and weight, that was soon thrown aside as useless, while the old kettle held its own. But, after all, it was only a *kettle*, and at length rusted out, and went where other old kettles go.

And never drove a mill or drew a car, you say?

No, indeed, of course not.

And was Mabel a great doctor?

No. She inherited her mamma's skill in healing, and carried help to many a sick bed. The gift seemed to descend from mother to child, and each generation had the benefit of their ancestor's experience. They had one great secret that the doctors had not then found out. It was this, that better than all pills and powders are the three remedies—simple food, fresh air, and exercise. Mabel was never a great doctor, but her granddaughter gives promise of becoming so some day.

Steam, that spoke through the kettle's mouth, drives endless mills. We sometimes call him the "Iron Horse"—and has he not so far outrun the stage-coaches that they have given up the contest? So there was truth in the kettle's song, after all.

THE ROBIN THIEF.

BY VARA.

"**R**UN, Vara, and bring me the collars and laces from the grass back of the orchard. I will starch and iron them before it grows any warmer."

My mother's voice reached me as I stood on the back door-step, that beautiful, pure morning. I was watching, in idle fashion, a great red-breasted robin, that was busy in pulling a huge worm from the ground. Jerk, jerk, went the robin's head; the worm seemed made of rubber, so "long a length" did he show; but with a mighty pull and a jerk, that nearly set Robby rolling backwards, the worm came from the ground; and, laughing at the bird, I ran to do my mother's bidding.

"How beautiful the day is!" I thought, as I stood near the old trees of the orchard. The green

grass of the meadow stretched away for acres in width, all starred over with yellow dandelions and buttercups. The trees were scattering showers of pink and white blossom leaves.

"Blowing from the south and going towards the north. We shall have a good harvest of apples," I said to myself, as I watched the blossoms falling. "That's what the old folks say, and it must be true." And with childish confidence in the old saw, I gathered up my mother's collars and pieces of lace, shaking the pink leaves from them as I walked towards the house. My mother took them from me, and laid them on her ironing board.

Presently she said—"You must have dropped one, Vara. The embroidered collar that Cousin Rose gave me is not here."

"Maybe I did, mother; I'll go and see." And I walked carefully back to the orchard again. But no white embroidery gleaming on the green grass did I see. I looked all about.

My mother joined me, and she said—"The wind did not blow hard enough to blow it away last night. I don't see what has become of it."

"Tu-wit, tu-wee," sang a robin from a tree near us.

"Oh! you are the same fellow that ate the big worm just now," I called to him. "I shouldn't think you could sing so clearly!"

"Maybe," said mother, "he has stolen my collar."

"If he has, he has been pretty quick about it," I said, "for I saw him just as you called me to go for them. Oh! mother, look there! I do believe it's there up in that tree." For, as I was speaking, my eye caught sight of something white fluttering from a half-built nest.

We went under the tree, and, looking sharply, saw the dainty embroidered edges of the collar sticking over the nest.

"You are a bird of taste, any way, if you do eat worms."

"Tu-wit, tu-wit," answered the robin, fluttering near.

"He wants it dreadfully," I said.

"So do I," answered mother, laconically.

"Can we get it?" I asked.

"No, I think not; we will have to wait till father comes home," said mother.

"And then the nest will be all done, and he will have to tear it in pieces to get the collar out. No, I'll try, if you will help me, mother. You know I was always good at climbing; so give me a *boost*."

Mother helped me to the lower limb, and from that I climbed cautiously to the next, and, putting up my hand, almost grasped the nest. Almost, but not quite. I stretched out as far as I dared to, and thought of the worm I saw the robin pull, and wished I was as elastic as he.

"You'll have to give it up," called mother from below.

"Tu-wit, tu-wit, tu-wee," shouted the robin, almost in my face, and I thought he chuckled in

his tones at my discomfort. And as I stopped to rest I saw his mate coming with her bill full of hay. She dropped the hay in her astonishment, and called "Wit, wit."

"Yes, you are a pretty pair of thieves, aint you? Mother, let's get the long ladder."

"Why yes; why didn't we think of that before?" And helping me down, mother and I started for the barn, and with some labor, succeeded in dragging the ladder to the tree. Mother steadied it at the foot, and I climbed up to the nest.

"Tu-wit, tu-wit, wit, wit," called out both Mr. and Mrs. Robin, and flew close to me; but I thought I had the best right, and carefully pulled the collar from the nest. It was some soiled, but not torn in

the least. I threw it down to mother, and disentangling a little wisp of hay that clung to the ladder round, laid that on the nest. "There! you may have that, but not my mother's collar; and I hope you'll steal no more."

I came down from the ladder, and we carried it back to the barn, and went into the house to find the ironing fire all gone out, and a hen with her yellow little chicks exploring the kitchen. The robins finished their nest, and brought up a family of little robins, but I don't know whether they taught them the commandments or not.

My mother's collar is worn out. But the story of the robin that stole the collar, is a favorite one with the little folks that tease me for a story.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

SELECTION OF READING FOR THE YOUNG.

INSTRUCTIVE BOOKS.

BY E. B. D.

IN referring to a class of books for the young, which are not inappropriately called "instructive," we only wish to relate an incident, while we will let our readers draw their own conclusions.

When the fall session of school opened, the teacher sent word that Katie was old enough to study geography. And so she was—in her tenth year. We assented; but Katie demurred with a few tears, and the declaration that she knew enough about it already; said knowledge embracing a few general principles which she had learned at home. However, we enforced obedience as the best mode of procedure for the present; but meantime put on our thinking-cap, and began to consider. Why should geography, one of the most delightful of studies when pursued rightly, become so irksome in the routine of school? It was difficult to say, except that it was made a task.

Not long after, we placed Du Chaillu's recently issued book for young people, "Wild Life Under the Equator," in the hands of Katie and her younger sister, and behold the result. The book was not out of hand until both had finished it, one waiting impatiently for the other, as they took turns in reading. Now for an experiment, thought we.

The Atlas was brought out, the little girl's attention called to it; and, after a little reluctance on their part at first, they became as absorbed in the study as the reading. Every place mentioned in the book was located as far as possible; the book was referred to again, and with our aid, the climate, insect, animal and vegetable life, the habits and peculiarities of the people, their costumes and religions, or rather want of both—in fact, everything upon which Du Chaillu touches in his admirable

little work, was gone over and impressed upon their memory, with as much enthusiasm as though it had been the liveliest and most exciting of romances, or better still, a newly invented play. The next evening, when a neighbor's child came in to see them, dolls were forgotten, the Atlas called into requisition, and the matter gone over again for her amusement; none of the little ones having the slightest suspicion that they were mastering a long and difficult lesson in geography.

Now, is it not possible, by a judicious selection of books to lighten our children's school tasks, and at the same time that we furnish them amusement, impart to them a far more thorough knowledge of things we would have them know, than they can, under the present systems of teaching, acquire at school?

THE SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN.

BY C.

GERMANY and her forests have ever been the land of marvel and romance. Events in her history have exceeded the wildest pictures of the imagination; her legends are as numerous as they are dark and wild; and though the fiction-makers of this age are supposed to have outstepped the bounds of probability or possibility, yet many scenes have occurred which could not receive additional intensity from the pen of the poet or the novelist.

M. Biot, having heard many wonderful relations of an aerial phenomenon which made its appearance on the Aechtermannshoe, had long been anxious to view the spectre which had so much engrossed the fears of the peasant. He ascended the Brocken Peak for that purpose thirty times without success. At last, one fine morning, he was early on the summit of the mountain waiting for the sunrise; and about four o'clock the sun rose serenely from the east; its rays could pass without any

obstruction over the Heinrichs Mountain. The sky was beautifully clear, and the rays of the morning sun were tinging the summit of the hills with its golden hues, when he observed on a cloud, in a direction opposite to that on which the sun rose, towards the Achtermannshoe, a gigantic human figure of monstrous size, with his face towards him. When gazing on the prodigious spectro with feelings of awe and wonder, and not free from terror, a sudden long gust of wind threatened to blow off his hat, but in moving his hand towards his head, in order to detain it, the colossal spectre, lifting his ponderous arm, imitated the action. The pleasure which he felt at this discovery can hardly be described, for he had already walked many a weary mile in hopes of seeing this shadowy image. He changed his attitude and place, and found that the figure, like the monster in Frankenstein, always followed his movements. He bowed, and lifted his hands, and the gigantic form did the same. He was desirous of again doing the same thing, but the colossus had vanished. He remained some time in the same position, waiting to see whether it would return, and in a few minutes the mighty monster made its appearance again on the Achtermannshoe. Mr. Biot was then joined by a person who had accompanied him to the top of the mountain, and both taking the position which our informant had occupied alone, a second colossal being made its appearance, and soon afterwards a third. They repeated their movements by bending their bodies as we did; afterwards they vanished from the sight.

The phenomenon was frequently very weak and faint, but sometimes strong and well defined. The figures first seen were evidently produced by the projection of the shadow of the two persons upon the clouds, by the horizontal rays of the sun. The appearance of the third figure was, no doubt, caused by the duplication of one of the figures by the unequal refraction of the atmosphere.

So, M. Biot has divested the spot of that romantic interest which arises from a belief in supernatural visitations.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

CLEANING AND PRESERVATION OF FURNITURE.

THE chemical and mechanical action of different substances on articles of furniture, is very little understood by persons in general, and consequently the most absurd directions are frequently issued for the preparation of cleaning materials, and also for preventing injury from certain agents. The substances from which furniture is chiefly exposed to injury, are water, oils, spirits of various kinds, such as brandy, eau-de-cologne, benzine, &c., and acids.

Acids act on marble. Marble is itself composed of carbonate of lime—that is, it is a compound of carbonic acid and lime. Now the carbonic acid has a

comparatively weak affinity for lime, and most other acids will prevail over it and take its place when brought into contact with it; thus destroying the texture of the stone, liberating the carbonic acid, and leaving some salt of lime, in the form of a white powder, in its place.

When marble has had its polished surface eroded by acids—and even lemon-juice or vinegar will do this readily—the only mode of reparation is to have the marble again polished by the use of polishing powders, such as emery.

Neither spirits nor water produce any permanent effect on marble, but fixed oils and grease soak into its substance, and it is impossible to remove them, as any agent potent enough to act on the grease will also destroy the texture of the marble. A portion of the grease may be extracted by covering with fuller's-earth or pipe-clay. But marble should be carefully preserved from contact with grease or oil.

Varnished or polished surfaces of wood, on the other hand, are not injured by moderately weak acids, but are readily attacked by spirits of all kinds. Varnishes are composed of different gums and resins, which are generally soluble in alcohol. Many of them are made by dissolving the materials in alcohol, so as to liquefy them, and then, when they are applied, the spirit evaporates, leaving the gum or resin in a thin, even coating over the whole surface. If any alcoholic substance comes upon such a surface, whether it be volatile mineral spirits as used for lamps, brandy, or potable spirits of any kind, or even wine, which contains about twenty per cent. of alcohol, the varnish is attacked, a portion of it dissolved, and the brilliancy of the surface is destroyed. In such cases the only remedy is to re-polish or re-varnish the surface. This is not a very difficult operation, and one quite within the compass of home-work. We know many ladies who are adepts at French-polishing, as the brilliancy of many of their smaller articles of furniture abundantly testifies.

Oil does not readily attack varnished surfaces, but does much injury to wood or other porous substances, which admit it into the pores, from which it cannot afterwards easily be expelled.

Water, or even dampness, affects those substances that have open pores exposed, in which case it enters and causes them to swell. Glue in joints, and mucilage or gum arabic, used sometimes for attaching superficial ornaments to fancy work, are readily softened by water, causing the work to fall to pieces; and great losses are constantly arising from persons putting picture-frames veneered, and even solid furniture, in damp places; not only does the wood warp from the damp, and the articles crack, but the glue in the joints gives way, and the whole falls to pieces. In the case of veneered articles, the plates of the veneer scale off, and the furniture is hopelessly ruined.

The practical lesson to be learned from this is, that housekeepers should take care, in dealing with

furniture, to keep water away from everything soluble in water, and dampness from all furniture, books, pictures, clothing, &c; oil from everything porous, spirits from varnished surfaces, acids from marble, and we may add, dirt from everything.

A FROST PICTURE.

BY JENNIE GAIGE.

THIS morning we arose and looked from our windows, on a picture of wonderful beauty. A mystic hand had been at work, and hung from every bush and shrub, and even from every dry weed, and every withered blade of grass, wreaths and sprays of frost flakes, in wonderful beauty of form and perfection of grouping. The lofty pines, grand and majestic before, were now very kings of grandeur, with their crowns of frost-work, which glittered and sparkled like thousands of jewels, ever changeful in their brilliancy, as the sun's rays lighted up their kingly crowns. Farther in the background were clumps and clusters of tall bushes, grouped closely together, looking, in the dim distance, like great white piles of glittering snow; or here and there, as a tall spire lifted itself heavenward, it looked like a church-spire, bidding the people come thither to worship. Back of all was a dark, purplish, ever-changing sky, while the sun shone upon all with resplendent light.

We stood at the window, and the children clapped their hands with delight at the beautiful picture.

"Were I an artist," said I, "I would paint this scene, and have it always before me, as a thing of beauty, to inspire me to noble work."

"But no painter's art can place on canvas anything half so beautiful. I would be a poet, and paint with words the beauty of this morning scene. It is a poem in itself, and it should be to me an inspiration. Men should see again, as we see it now, all this beauty, and it should thrill them with thoughts they could never forget."

"And I," was answered by one, more thoughtful than the rest; "if I were a preacher, this should be my text—this living picture, which no artist can imitate—this unwritten poem, that is yet beyond the poet's art. I would call the people out to behold the beauty which only God can produce, and lead them to bow down, in the presence of the sublime and beautiful, to the One who is Himself sublime, and the author of all beauty."

And thus the talk went on, while the bright rays of the sun were fast destroying the tinsel and gold interwoven among the boughs and branches. But a painter's and a poet's thoughts had been born of its beauty, and the one who would be a preacher had unconsciously preached a sermon of greater power than often comes from the pulpit, with all a preacher's logic and reasoning, while one long hardened against religion listened, and wondered at the words. As the frost-work melted, and fell in drops of water to the ground, so Truth descended into his heart, until it lifted itself in prayer and adoration.

THE TRUE STANDARD OF DRESS.

WE are always excessive when we sacrifice the higher beauty to attain the lower one. A woman who will sacrifice domestic affection, conscience, self-respect, honor, to love of dress, we all agree, loves dress too much. She loses the higher beauty of womanhood for the lower beauty of gems, and flowers, and colors. A girl who sacrifices to dress all her time, all her strength, all her money, to the neglect of the cultivation of her mind and heart, and to the neglect of the claims of others on helpfulness, is sacrificing the higher to the lower beauty. Her fault is not the love of beauty, but loving the wrong and inferior kind. In fine, girls, you may try yourselves by this standard: You love dress too much when you care more for your outward adornings than for your inward disposition; when it afflicts you more to have torn your dress than to have lost your temper; when you are more troubled by an ill-fitting gown than by a neglected duty; when you are less concerned at having made an unjust comment, or spread a scandalous report, than having worn a *passee* bonnet; when you are less troubled at the thought of being at the last great feast without the wedding garment, than at being found at the party to-night in the fashion of last year. No Christian woman, as I view it, ought to give such attention to her dress as to allow it to take up all of three very important things—viz., all her time, all her strength, all her money. Whoever does this, lives not the life of a Christian, but that of a Pagan; worships not at the Christian's altar of our Lord Jesus, but at the shrine of the lower Venus of Corinth and Rome.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

IT is a question that burdens the mass of woman-kind so much. Curls and cosmetics are all in requisition to enhance the beauty of "the human face divine"—but what is the result? Youth's roses only flee the faster—old age will creep on apace; rouge cannot hide its wrinkles, nor can it make any face beautiful. I am a decided believer in the old adage—"Handsome is that handsome does." No face has true beauty in it that does not mirror the deeds of a noble soul. Not a thought, word, or deed, but that leaves its autograph written on the human countenance; and I care not whether kind Nature has given her child an ugly face or a handsome one, if the heart that beats underneath all is warm and loving. And if the soul that looks out from the eyes be true and pure, that face will be beautiful always, for it has found the true fountain of youth; and though time may fold the hair in silver, and furrow the brow, yet there will ever be a beauty lighting it up that years cannot dim, for the heart and soul never grow old nor die.

THE TRAIL-SEEKERS.

"SHALL we play the 'Trail-seekers?'" asked Anna, one morning, as the children were sitting in the meadow close beside the house.

"How is it played?" asked Fanny, "and what is a trail?"

"A trail," replied Honora, the eldest of the group of children, "is the track or mark left behind by a man or animal on his way to any place; and this is how we play it. One of us is to be the animal to be found by the trail. Let it be me this time, and I will be a fawn. Now, I shall pick this piece of white paper into very small pieces, and wherever I pass I shall drop or throw down a bit of paper. *That* will be my trail, and by following it you will find me. I shall not begin till I am out of sight behind the laurels."

"That will be a very easy game," said little Fanny.

"Not so easy as you think," said Honora, nodding her head mysteriously. "I shall puzzle you all!"

She tore up the paper, and putting it into her raised frock, ran off.

By-and-by they heard a faint cry of "Whoop!" from the distance.

"If we can find her without the trail, may we?" asked Fanny, whose ear was quick at following sounds.

"Oh, no," said Anna; "we must not only find her, but we must follow the very same path to the spot that she took; and to prove that we did so we must pick up the pieces of paper which make her trail or track. Now let us begin our search. Fanny, you may go with me."

"Oh, here is a piece of paper!" cried Fanny, picking up the first trace of the lost Honora. "And, Anna, look! there is another in that little path to the left! She has gone up there!"

"No," said Anna, "there is a bit up the opposite path as well. She has put them about in wrong places, to mislead us. Let us go straight on."

And they did so, though often tempted to take other paths on which large pieces of paper lay invitingly.

But Anna turned aside from every spot where the paper was too openly displayed, and sought for bits among the bushes and flowers by the wayside.

At last no more paper traces could be found, and the two who had kept together found themselves in the stable-yard, near the hay-loft.

Now, the stable, quite up to the hay-loft, was all covered with thick ivy, and, to their amazement, they saw something white on its dark leaves.

They hurried over to it, and found, quite high up, two pieces of paper.

"Where can she be?" cried Anna.

They peeped into every place, but could find no one, and then Anna cried, "Trail lost! trail lost!" as a signal that she gave up the search.

A merry laugh answered her, and Honora looked out of the loft.

"I am up here," she said. "If you had come into the shed underneath, you would have found more paper. How could I climb the ivy? I have won."

And all the others arriving, unsuccessful, had forfeits to pay for having failed in their trail-seeking.

Anna, however, disputed the justice of the case, as Honora had no right, she asserted, to have gone into the loft.

The hiding should all be in the open air, and within the young ones' reach.

A WISE CREED.

THE mother of Goethe, the celebrated German poet, said of herself—"Order and quiet are my characteristics. I despatch at once what I have to do, the most disagreeable always first. I always seek out what is good in people, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind, and knows how to round off the angles."

The saying has in it the very best philosophy of life. Performing disagreeable tasks always first, and quickly, will take away more than half the unpleasantness the days contain. Hunting for what is good in those around us, will not fail to repay with blessing.

How much to be commended is the trait of character which Goethe's mother manifested in this expression. We can readily believe she was a sunny-hearted woman. Goethe himself bore testimony in this regard. "From my dear little mother," he wrote, "I derive my happy disposition and my love of story-telling." Her sunny-heartedness was due, in a great measure, to her wise creed of life and thought. It is erroneous to think that the natural disposition is wholly responsible for habits of doing and thinking. Natural dispositions may be overcome by steady persistence, and habits naturally enough formed may be broken up. We ought not to be willing slaves to our innate propensities. A creed like that cited may be our deliverer.

SARCASTIC, BUT SUGGESTIVE.—A Quaker gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady, decked with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complain of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl, as light as a cobweb, she exclaimed—"What *shall* I do to get warm?" "I really don't know," replied the Quaker, solemnly, "unless thee should put on another breastpin!"

DON'T imagine trouble; don't borrow it; don't die before your time. When God wants you to die, He will show you how to do it easy.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

INTO THE SUNSHINE.

BY ADA E. COOKE.

INTO the sunshine again,
Into its light once more!
If I had but known it was beaming
Just outside of my door!
The door of my heart, which, bolted
And barred had been so long,
Ever since over its threshold
My beautiful hope had gone.

Into the sunshine once more,
Into its warmth again,
The glad sun shining outside;
If I had but known it then.
Then, while I shivering sat
In the gloom of my grief and pride,
If only my heart had known,
And opened its windows wide.

Opened it wide to the truth
That life had its duties yet;
Opened it wide to believe
That God can never forget—
That, whether joy comes or goes,
He maketh it even at last,
And the sun is shining above
So long as a shadow is cast.

So long as a shadow is cast,
Somewhere must be the sun,
Though never till life is past
Are its endless achings done.
Yet surely! 'tis something to know
God looketh down the while,
And only our wayward will
Ever can cloud His smile.

So the sunlight is mine again!
It streams through the open door—
The door of my heart—and plays
About on the new-swept floor;
And ever I sit and sing
(For my heart is a cheery place),
I sing of God's patient care,
I sing of His saving grace!

MY TRUNDLE-BED.

RECOLLECTION OF CHILDHOOD.

AS I rummaged through the attic,
Listening to the falling rain,
As it pattered on the shingles,
And against the window-pane,
Peeping over chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread,
Saw I in the farthest corner
What was once my trundle-bed.
So I drew it from the recess,
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song,

As she sung in sweetest accents,
What I since have often read—
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections,
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of mem'ry,
Rushing, thronging to the spot;
And I wandered back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother,
By this bed upon the floor.
There it was with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter
Carefully the words she said;
Never can they be forgotten,
Deep are they in mem'ry riven—
"Hallowed be Thy Name, oh, Father!
Father! Thou who art in Heaven."

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has mouldered 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit
Revels in the home of God;
But that scene at summer twilight
Never has from mem'ry fled,
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle-bed.
This she taught me, then she told me
Of its import great and deep,
After which I learned to utter,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Then it was with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked—"Our Father!
Father! do thou bless my child!"

TWENTY YEARS.

SHE nears the land—the boat that brings
My wandering boy again to me;
The sturdy rowers lend her wings,
And now each sunburnt face I see.
Among them all I marked not him—
It is not that with rising tears
My watchful eyes are weak and dim;
It is the lapse of twenty years.

He left me when a little lad,
A lad! a babe; I see him now,
I hear his voice, so frank and glad,
I stroke the curls upon his brow.
My son returns across the main,
But brings not back the time that's fled;
I shall not hear his voice again,
I shall not pat the childish head.

Perhaps a trace I yet may find
Of boyhood in his look or tone;
A glance—an accent to remind
Me still of hopeful visions gone.

His mother's smile may greet me, when
We hold each other hand in hand;
His mother's voice may echo then
A blessing from a spirit land.

The boat comes on; a minute more
She'll grate upon the beach. And see—
Who rises now to spring on shore?
Who waves his cap aloft? 'Tis he!
No more I look in wishful doubt,
As in the man the child appears;
His earnest gaze, his joyful shout,
Have bridged that lapse of twenty years.

GOING TO SLEEP.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

COME hither, my baby, my darling,
My lily, my wonderful rose!
The white-bosomed flowers in the garden
Begin their soft petals to close;
The bees have gone home from the clover,
The swallows are under the eaves;
And, down in the orchard, the robin
Broods over her nest in the leaves.

Come, baby—my beauty, my darling!
Your eyes they are heavy with sleep!
Your little red mouth has grown silent,
And scarcely its laughter can keep.
Lay off the white robe from your shoulders,
Unclasp the small shoes from your feet;
Oh, daintiest blossom of Eden,
I kiss you, my lily, my sweet!

Do you feel the cool wind coming softly,
And see the young moon in the sky?
The clouds sailing over the sunset,
The bats fitting silently by?
Do you hear how the cattle are lowing,
Along the green lane by the hill?
And the brook running over the pebbles,
With music that never is still?

Now, hush, while I sing to you, baby,
A song of the angels above,
That come, on invisible pinions,
To watch o'er the children they love.
So, all through your beautiful dreaming,
The voice of your mother shall creep;
Lest, hearing the harpings celestial,
Your soul should fly homeward in sleep!

YEARNING.

TELL us, kind Stars, with jewelled sandals pressing
The radiant splendors on Night's mystic floor,
Where are the dear ones that to our caressing
Respond no more?

We would but know where we might run and find
them,

In that bright world where all the blessed are;
Lest we should mourn, to be thus left behind them,
So lone and far.

We miss them from the old accustomed places,
With Friendship's ivied memories entwined,
Where Love has sanctified the faintest traces
They left behind.

We call them fondly when the night-priest swingeth
His silver censer in the templed sky;
But to our ear each answering echo bringeth
But this—good-by!

And when the lark soars gayly, singing ever,
Out through the golden gateway of the morn,
In their loved haunts we seek them—but they never
To us return.

Have ye not seen their angel pinions gleaming
Across your pathways, heavenward and far?
Have ye not caught the quenchless light outstreaming
Through gates ajar?

And did ye hear the songs of the immortals,
The while their harps flashed back Heaven's glory-
hue,

And the strong warder's welcome, as the portals
Wide open flew?

Do not soft eyes look down your shining vistas?
Do not sweet voices chide our long delay?
Are no white hands stretched earthward to assist us
Up the steep way?

With restless feet we pace our narrow prison,
We beat the casement bars that shut us in,
Eager to rise where they before have risen,
From Sense and Sin.

Oh, Stars! ye shine but coldly on our sorrow,
Nor will ye heed Affection's urgent quest;
And we must wait till God's sure-coming morrow
Gives us, too, Rest. *Salem Register.*

THE REIGN OF AUTUMN.

BY ALICE CART.

THE rust is over the red of the clover,
The green is under the gray,
And down the hollow the fleet-winged swallow
Is flying away and away.

Fled are the roses, dead are the roses,
The glow and the glory done,
And down the hollow the steel-winged swallow
Flying the way o'er the sun.

In place of the summer, a dread new-comer
His solemn state renews;
A crimson splendor, instead of the tender
Daisy, and the darling dews

But oh, the sweetness, the full completeness
That under his reign are born!
Russet and yellow in apples mellow,
And wheat, and millet, and corn.

His frosts so hoary touch with glory
Maple, and oak, and thorn;
And rising and falling, his winds are calling,
Like a hunter through his horn.

No thrifty sower, but just a mower,
That comes when the day is done,
With warmth a-beaming and gold a-gleaming,
Like sunset after the sun.

And while fair weather, and frost together,
Color the woods so gay,
We must remember that chill December
Has turned his steps this way.

And say, as we gather the house together,
And pile the logs on the hearth,
Help us to follow the light little swallow,
E'en to the ends of the earth!

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

FIFTY WAYS OF COOKING MEATS.

BEEF.

To CHOOSE BEEF.—Good beef will exhibit an open grain of deep coral-red in the lean, and the fat will be white rather than yellow, the suet firm and white. Yellow fat is a test of meat of an inferior quality.

In the present fashion of cooking apparatus, there are few who have any conveniences for roasting meat, and baking has so universally superceded that manner of cooking, that it has also adopted the name. Roasting is cooking meat, placed on a spit, before an open fire. Baking is done in an oven. Meat carefully and properly baked, is almost, if not quite, equal to roast; and in these receipts we shall only describe that method, although we shall adopt the usual term of "roasting."

1. ROAST BEEF.—The sirloin, first and second cuts of the forequarter, are the best pieces for roasting. The third and fourth cuts are good. Rub with salt, put a pint of water in the dripping-pan, and baste the meat frequently while cooking. If the beef is a thick piece, allow fifteen minutes for each pound to roast; if thin, less time will be required. When cooked, thicken the gravy with flour, adding more water, if necessary. Serve with potatoes and other vegetables, and garnish with horseradish.

2. BEEFSTEAKS, ROLLED AND ROASTED.—Cut steaks from the rump; make stuffing of equal parts of ham and veal, well peppered; stew it for a short time, and pound it in a mortar with bread steeped in milk, a lump of butter, and the yolks of two or three eggs; spread this force-meat over the steaks; roll them up and tie them tightly, and roast in a hot oven for an hour and twenty minutes or an hour and a half. Baste well with butter, and serve with brown gravy.

3. CORNED BEEF.—Soak well, boil slowly for three or four hours, and skim carefully.

4. BEEF TONGUE BOILED.—Soak in cold water for twelve hours. Put in cold water and boil slowly for three hours. Serve with mashed Irish potato. Garnish with parsley.

5. TO COLLAR A FLANK OF BEEF.—Rub well with a large portion of saltpetre and common salt; let it remain ten days, then wash clean; take off the outer and inner skin of the gristle, spread on a board, and cover the inside with the following mixture: parsley, sage, thyme chopped fine, pepper, salt, and pounded cloves; roll it up, sew a cloth over it, and bandage that with tape. Boil gently five or six hours. When cold, lay on a board without undoing it; put another board on

the top, with a heavy weight on it; let it remain twenty-four hours; take off the bandages, cut a thin slice from each end; serve, garnished with green pickle and sprigs of parsley.

6. BEEF STEWED AND SPICED.—Take four pounds of the thick ribs of beef, or any part, put in the pan with a pint of water, a teaspoonful of allspice, two of salt, two bay-leaves, two eschalots, or a little garlic; stew three hours, either in oven or on the fire, keeping the cover well closed. Half an hour before it is done, add a teacupful of the raspings of bread, half a pint of vinegar, two teaspoonful of sugar, simmer; dish up, and sauce over.

7. BEEF STEWED.—Four pounds of beef, season with salt and pepper, add chopped parsley and chopped onions; a little spice may be added. It may be stuffed by making an incision in the lean part, and binding up with a string. Place in pan with water, and stew in oven or on stove one hour.

Yorkshire pudding and potatoes may be baked at the same time. The pan may be divided in two, one side for pudding, the other for potatoes. All joints may be done the same way.

In broiling meat, let the bars of the gridiron be all hot through, but yet not burning hot upon the surface. Have the gridiron clean and well greased. Broils must be brought to table as hot as possible.

8. BEEFSTEAKS BROILED.—Steaks cut from the sirloin are the best; from the rump the next best; those from the round are not so good, but usually can be bought for a less price. Cut three-quarters of an inch thick, place on a hot gridiron over a good bed of coals, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and turn the moment the fat begins to drop. Turn constantly until done. Place on a hot dish, spread with butter, and serve. They may be sprinkled with shallot or onion cut very small, and sent to table with oyster sauce, a dish of greens, and boiled potatoes. May be garnished with scraped horseradish.

9. Place the steak in a pan in which is an ounce of hot butter or fat. Fry ten or twelve minutes, turning on each side three times, and watching that the meat does not burn. Season with salt and pepper. After removing the meat, a gravy may be made by adding a little water, and thickening with flour rubbed smooth in water.

This dish may be varied by adding a few chopped onions, parsley, mushrooms, or pickles, semi-fried at the same time, and poured over the steak.

10. BEEF KIDNEYS STEWED.—Cut two beef kidneys in slices, and lay them in a stewpan; put in two ounces of butter, and cut into very thin slices

four large onions; add them with pepper and salt, stew about an hour; add a cupful of rich gravy to that extracted from the kidney; stew five minutes, strain it, and thicken the gravy with flour and butter; give it a boil up. Serve with the gravy in the dish.

11. **BEEF COLLOPS.**—Any part of beef which is tender will serve to make collops; cut the beef into pieces about three inches long, beat them flat, dredge them with flour, fry them in butter, lay them in a stewpan, cover them with brown gravy; put in half a shallot, minced fine, a lump of butter rolled in flour, a little pepper and salt. Stew without suffering it to boil; serve with pickles, or squeeze in half a lemon, according to taste. Serve hot, in a tureen.

12. **BEEF A LA MODE.**—Take part of a round of beef, bone it, and make incisions, which are filled with a stuffing of bread, butter, thyme, pepper, salt, a little minced onion, and yolk of egg. After the meat is stuffed, bind it with tape, and put in an oven, with water enough to cover it, and let it stew slowly for three hours. Add water if needed. The gravy will require no thickening.

13. **FRENCH STEAK.**—Cut thin slices of cold roast beef, and put in a chafing-dish; season with salt, pepper, walnut catsup, a little vinegar, a little warm water and plenty of butter, with some browned flour rubbed into it. The meat should be entirely covered with the gravy. Light the lamp and put on the lid of the chafing-dish, and let it steam thus, until the gravy is reduced two-thirds.

14. **TO BAKE A BEEF'S HEART.**—Cut it open, remove the ventricles, and let it soak an hour in lukewarm water. Wipe dry with a cloth, and par-boil for twenty minutes. Make a rich stuffing, fill the heart with it, and secure it with a string. Let it bake an hour and a half or two hours, with half a pint of water in the pan. The gravy will not need any thickening. Serve with currant or any acid jelly.

15. **BEEF LIVER.**—It should be cut across the grain in slices half an inch thick. Then put into a deep plate, and pour boiling water over it. Drain, and season with pepper and salt. Dip each piece in flour, and drop in hot lard. Make a gravy as for beef, and pour over it. Onions may be fried and added to the gravy.

VEAL.

TO CHOOSE GOOD VEAL.—When the kidney is well surrounded with fat, the meat is of good quality. There is a vein in the shoulder very perceptible, and its color indicates the freshness of the meat; if a bright red or blue, it is recently killed; if any green or yellow spots are visible, it is stale.

16. **ROAST FILLET OF VEAL.**—Take out the bone, and fill the vacancy with a dressing made of bread soaked soft, then squeezed out of the water, and mixed with chopped raw pork and two eggs. Season with salt and pepper, and add, if you like,

sweet herbs. Put in the baking-pan with a quart of water, cover the top with the dressing, and bake from two to three hours, according to size. Thicken the gravy, after taking up the meat, with some of the dressing; add a little butter and wine or catsup, if desired.

17. **VEAL OLIVES.**—Take the bone out of the fillet, and cut thin slices the size of the leg, beat them flat, rub with the yolk of an egg beaten, lay on each piece a thin slice of boiled ham, sprinkle salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, chopped parsley, and bread-crumbs over all; roll them up tight, and secure them with skewers; rub them with egg, and roll them in bread-crumbs; lay them on a tin dripping-pan, and set them in an oven; when brown on one side, turn them, and when sufficiently done, lay them in a rich, highly-seasoned gravy made of proper thickness; stew them till tender, garnish with force-meat balls, and green pickles sliced.

18. **FRICANDO OF VEAL.**—Cut slices from the fillet an inch thick and six inches long, lard them with slips of lean, middling of bacon, bake them a light brown, stew them in well-seasoned gravy made as thick as rich cream. Serve them up hot, and lay round the dish sorrel, stewed with butter, pepper and salt, till quite dry.

19. **VEAL CUTLETS.**—Cut the veal in slices three-quarters of an inch thick. Season with salt and pepper, and dip in beaten yolk of egg, and then in grated cracker or bread-crumbs, and fry in hot lard. When the veal is done take it up, and pour into the gravy some cream or milk, a little cut parsley, and some salt and pepper. Let it boil a few minutes, and pour over the veal.

20. **KNUCKLE OF VEAL.**—Boil a half pint of pearl barley in salt and water till quite tender, drain the water from it, stir in a piece of butter, and put it in a deep dish. Have the knuckle nicely boiled in milk and water, and lay it on the barley; pour some parsley and butter over it.

21. **RAGOUT OF A BREAST OF VEAL.**—Separate the joints of the brisket, and saw off the sharp ends of the ribs, trim it neatly, and half-roast it. Put it in a stewpan with a quart of good gravy seasoned with wine, walnut, and mushroom catsup, a teaspoonful of curry-powder, and a few cloves of garlic; stew it till tender, thicken the gravy, and garnish with sweetbreads nicely boiled.

22. **BREAST OF VEAL STEWED.**—Put it into the stewpan with some white stock, add a bunch of sweet-herbs, three onions, pepper and salt. Stew till tender, strain the gravy, and send to table.

23. **CALF'S HEAD BAKED.**—Butter the head, and powder it with a seasoning composed of bread-crumbs, very fine, a few sweet-herbs in sage, chopped very fine, cayenne, white pepper and salt. Divide the brains into several pieces, not too small; sprinkle them with bread-crumbs, and lay them in the dish with the head. Stick a quantity of small pieces of butter over the head and in the eyes; throw

crumbs over all; pour in three parts of the dish full of water, and bake it in a fast oven two hours.

24. **CALF'S FEET FRICASSEE.**—Boil the feet till very tender, cut them in two, and pull out the large bones; have half a pint of good white gravy, add to it a spoonful of white wine, one of lemon pickle, and some salt, with a teaspoonful of curry powder; stew the feet in it fifteen minutes, and thicken it with the yolks of two eggs, a gill of milk, a large spoonful of butter, and two of white flour; let the thickening be very smooth, shake the stewpan over the fire a few minutes, but do not let it boil, lest the eggs and milk should curdle.

25. **TO FRY CALF'S FEET.**—Prepare them as for the fricassee, dredge them well with flour, and fry them a light brown; pour parsley and butter over, and garnish with fried parsley.

26. **TO STUFF AND ROAST A CALF'S LIVER.**—Take a fresh calf's liver, and having made a hole in it with a large knife run in lengthways, but not quite through, have ready a forced meat or stuffing made of part of the liver parboiled, fat of bacon minced very fine, and sweet herbs powdered; add to these some grated bread and spice finely powdered, with pepper and salt. With this stuffing fill the hole in the liver, which must be larded with fat bacon, and then roasted, flouring it well, and basting with butter. Serve hot.

27. **TO BROIL CALF'S LIVER.**—Cut in slices, put over it salt and pepper, broil it nicely, and pour on some melted butter, with chopped parsley after it is dressed.

LAMB.

TO CHOOSE LAMB.—Lamb should be eaten very fresh. In the fore-quarter, the vein in the neck, being any other color than blue, betrays it to be stale. In the hind-quarter, try the kidney with your nose; the faintness of its smell will prove it to be stale.

28. **TO ROAST LAMB.**—The fore and hind-quarters are suitable roasting pieces. Sprinkle on salt and pepper, and if not quite fat, rub on butter, and put a little in the dripping-pan, together with some water, and baste the lamb frequently while baking. These pieces are good stuffed like a fillet of veal.

29. **SHOULDER OF LAMB GRILLED.**—The shoulder of lamb is good roasted plain, but better cooked in the following manner:—Score it in checkers about an inch long, rub over a little butter, the yolk of an egg; then roll it in pounded bread-crumbs, sprinkle on salt and pepper, and sweet herbs, and bake until a light brown, with a little water in the baking-pan. This can be served with a simple gravy; but one made as follows, is nicer:—Take half a pint of the drippings of the lamb, mix it with the same quantity of water, set it where it will boil, thicken with flour and water, add a large spoonful of tomato catsup, the juice and grated rind of a lemon, salt and pepper to the taste.

30. **LOIN, NECK, AND BREAST OF LAMB.**—A loin of lamb will be roasted in about an hour and a quarter; a neck in an hour; and a breast in three-quarters of an hour. Do not forget to salt and flour these joints about twenty minutes before they are done.

31. **FRIED LAMB.**—Separate the leg from the loin, cut off the shank, divide the loin in chops, dredge and fry them a nice brown, lay the leg in the middle of the dish, and put the chops around, pour over parsley and butter, and garnish with fried parsley.

MUTTON.

TO CHOOSE MUTTON.—The best is of a fine grain, a bright color, the fat firm and white. It is better for being full grown.

32. **ROAST MUTTON.**—The saddle is the best part to roast. The shoulder and leg are good roasted. For the latter, make a dressing of bread soaked soft, season with salt and pepper, add a couple of eggs, a large spoonful of melted butter, one spoonful of flour; cut gashes in the leg, and fill them with the dressing; put it in a baking-pan, with a little butter and a pint of water. Rub on pepper and salt, and, if you like, cloves and allspice. Put water in the pan, and baste frequently. Allow a quarter of an hour to each pound of mutton that you have to roast; if overcooked, it will be tough.

33. **SHOULDER OF MUTTON ROASTED.**—Must be well roasted and sent to table with the skin a nice brown; it is served with onion sauce. This is the plainest fashion, and, for small families, the best.

34. **HAUNCH, SADDLE, AND LEG OF MUTTON.**—These gain in favor by hanging some time. Should be slowly roasted, well basted, dredged with flour, and served with onion sauce or currant jelly.

35. **LEG OF MUTTON BOILED.**—Should be first soaked for an hour and a half in salt water—not too salt, however—then wiped, and boiled in a floured cloth; the time necessary for boiling will depend upon the weight; two hours or two hours and a half should be about the time; it should be served with turnips mashed, potatoes, greens and caper sauce.

36. **MUTTON CHOPS BROILED.**—Cut from the best end of the loin, trim them nicely, removing fat or skin, leaving only enough of the former to make them palatable; let the fire be very clear before placing the chops on the gridiron; turn them frequently, taking care that the fork is not put into the lean part of the chop; season them with pepper and salt; spread a little fresh butter over each chop when nearly done, and send them to table upon very hot plates.

37. **CHOPS AS BEEFSTEAKS.**—Cut thick from a leg of mutton, and rub each steak with a shallot; broil over a quick fire; rub your dish with shallot; when on the dish, pepper and salt it; send to table hot.

38. **IRISH STEW.**—Cut a neck of mutton in pieces,

blanch the chops in water, take and put them into another stewpan with four onions cut in slices; put to it a little stock; let it boil a quarter of an hour; have ready some potatoes pared, put them into the stewpan with the mutton, with salt and pepper; as some like the potatoes whole and some mashed, to thicken the stew; you must boil them accordingly; dish the meat round, and the vegetables in the middle.

PORK.

TO CHOOSE PORK.—In fresh pork the flesh is firm, smooth, a clear color, and the fat set. When stale, it looks clammy and flabby. Measly pork may be detected by the kernels in the fat; it should not be eaten.

39. ROAST PIG.—Soak in milk some light bread, boil some sage and onions in plenty of water, strain it off and chop it all very fine; press the milk from the bread, and then mix the sage and onion with pepper and salt. Mix all together with the yolk of an egg, and stuff the inside of the pig. Rub the pig over with milk and butter, roast to a beautiful brown, cut off the head and likewise cut it down the back. Cut off the ears from the head, crack the bone and take out the brains; put them in a stewpan with all the inside stuffing and a little brown sauce. Dish the pig, the backs outside, and put the sauce in the middle, and serve in a boat; the ears at each end.

40. LEG OF PORK ROASTED.—The pork should be young and dairy-fed; score the skin with a sharp penknife; a little fresh butter is sometimes rubbed on the skin to make it brown and crisp without blistering. Chop some sage that has been scalded very fine, add to it an onion parboiled, mix bread-crumbs and a small portion of apple chopped very fine, mix all together, season with pepper and salt; make an incision, separating the skin from the fat in the under and fillet end of the leg, and place the stuffing there. The time of roasting will depend upon the size of the leg, but it must be thoroughly cooked. Serve with apple-sauce.

41. LEG OF PORK BOILED.—After having been salted, it should be washed in clear, cold water, and scraped thoroughly white and clean, preparatory to cooking; it should then be put into a floured cloth and into cold water, and brought to a boil. When the rind is quite tender the pork is done. Let the water be well skimmed, and serve with such vegetables as are in season. Allow a quarter of an hour to each pound, with an additional twenty minutes, from the time it boils.

42. LOIN OF PORK.—This should, like the leg, be scored before roasting, and well jointed, to make the chops separate easily, and then roast as a loin of mutton, or it may be put into water enough to cover it; simmer until it is nearly done, then take it out, take the skin off, coat it well with yolk of egg and bread-crumbs; roast for about a quarter of an hour, until it is thoroughly done.

43. NECK OF PORK ROLLED.—Bone it, chop sage

finely, mix it with well-powdered bread-crumbs, cover the meat with it on both sides, roll the pork, fasten it securely, and roast it gently.

44. SPARE-RIB.—A spare-rib will take two hours and a half to roast; if very large, three hours. While roasting, baste with butter and dredge with flour; pound some sage, and powder the spare-rib with it, about twenty minutes before it is done; a pinch of salt may be added.

45. PORK CHOPS AND STEAKS.—Cut from the best end of the loin, or from the chump or leg, if steak; remove the fat and skin, turn them frequently and quickly while broiling; sprinkle with salt when nearly done, and rub with a little fresh butter previous to serving. Garnish with crisped parsley.

46. PIG'S HEAD BAKED.—Let it be divided and thoroughly cleaned; take out the brains, trim the snout and ears, bake it an hour and a half; wash the brains thoroughly, blanch them, beat them up with an egg, pepper and salt, and some finely chopped or powdered sage and a small piece of butter; fry them or brown them before the fire. Serve with the head.

47. BACON TO BOIL.—If very salt, soak it in soft water two hours before cooking; put it into a saucepan with plenty of water, and let it boil gently; if two or three pounds, it will take from an hour to an hour and a quarter, if larger, an hour and forty minutes. If a fine piece of the gammon of bacon, it may, when done, have the skin stripped off, and have finely powdered bread-rasps strewed over it.

48. BACON TO BROIL.—Make up a sheet of paper in the shape of a dripping-pan; cut your bacon into thin slices, cut off the rind, lay the bacon on the paper, put it over the gridiron, set it over a slow fire, and it will broil clearly.

49. BACON AND EGGS.—Take a quarter of a pound of streaked bacon, cut it into thin slices, and put them into a frying-pan over a slow fire; take care to turn them frequently; when the meat is done take it out, and break into the hot fat seven or eight eggs. Cook more or less according to taste, and serve with the bacon.

50. BOILED HAM.—Soak thoroughly, scrape and clean, and put in the pot with sufficient water to cover it, which water, when the ham is cooked, is good for stock for soups; boil from three hours and a half to six hours, according to size. When it is done, remove the skin, if possible, without breaking it; it prevents the ham, when cold, becoming dry; spread over the ham bread-rasps; garnish with sliced boiled carrots.

51. PIG'S FEET STEWED.—Clean, split, and broil tender, put them into a stewpan with enough gravy to cover them, an onion sliced, a few sage leaves, whole black pepper, allspice and salt; stew forty minutes, strain off the gravy, thicken with flour and butter; add two spoonfuls of vinegar, or one desert-spoonful of lemon pickle; serve it up with the feet.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS.

The month of April brings out a fair display of spring styles, both in material and make. Poplins and all-wool delaines take the place of heavier goods, while velvet cloaks and fur capes are laid aside for lighter wraps. Walking-dresses are still made short, and will be worn with two or three capes, with talmas open upon the back, or with single pelerine capes.

Changeable winsey, mohair, and water-proof, of which black is a component color, are not only suitable for the season, but extremely genteel. Entire suits of water-proof are in excellent taste for the colder spring days, while a water-proof cloak is an indispensable article of a lady's wardrobe.

Ruffles are still a favorite style of trimming, and are bound in silk of the same color as the dress.

It is imperative that a lady's "suit" should be of one color and material. Cloth sacks of a different color than the dress, are no longer admissible, and shawls are only worn with long trained dresses.

Changeable silks are again coming in vogue, and are very suitable for this season of the year. A pretty style of shot silks, of light and delicate colors, will be introduced for dinner-dresses. A tolerably broad stripe in silks, also in muslin goods for advanced spring wear, is, perhaps, the latest style. They are very showy, but not becoming to every one, nor are they as serviceable as plain colors.

There is no sign of any increase in the size of bonnets, but as yet they are without any defined shape. Silk and straw take the place of velvet, the first-mentioned matching the dress in color. The "bridle" or "necklace" of last year has given place to the more sensible fashion of a bow under the chin.

We are ready to defend the present size of bonnets, if need be, against the ridicule and slanders of the sterner sex. To "keep the feet warm, and the head cool," is one of the imperative demands of health. And this is precisely what is done with the comfortable, stout, thick-soled boots now in vogue, and the small bonnets that are so often and so unjustly assailed. And we think the general testimony of the wearers, could it be fairly obtained, would be, that they suffer far less headache than when wearing the old style, which pressed so closely on, and heated to such an uncomfortable degree, the top and back of the head.

Then it cannot be denied that they are pretty, and far more artistic in form than any feminine head-covering worn within the memory of the present generation, at least.

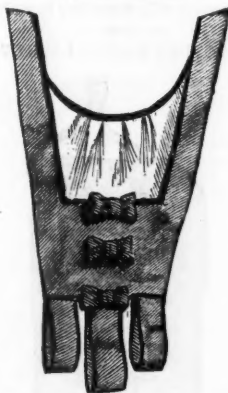
However, it seems impossible to please our masculine critics in the matter of bonnets. One year the style is too large; the next, too small. One

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fashion, so they say, tips too far back, and another is brought too far over the face. We may yet be compelled, through very weariness of trying to please, to lay bonnets aside altogether, and take to the Spanish mantilla.

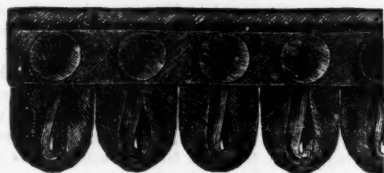
Still there is no necessity for going to extremes; and if any lady objects to the smallness of the prevailing style, there is, as we have already remarked, no fixed shape; and she will be extremely difficult to please, who cannot find, in the milliner's stores, or produce from her own fancy, something that, in size and general appearance, shall be satisfactory, and, at the same time, shall not wear that *outré* or old-fashioned look, which is such a bugbear to the feminine mind.

VANIE HOOD.



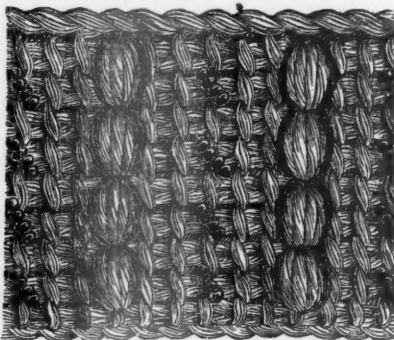
This illustration represents the entire pattern as it is laid out upon the fabric for cutting the latter; the upper ends turn around to the front of the neck like a collar; the opening is cut square across the bottom over a silk lining gathered into the neck-binding, with small plaits upon each side of a box-plait; the binding should be of silk or satin; three loops are hung across the bottom, and small bows set through the centre.

SATIN TRIMMING FOR DRESSES.



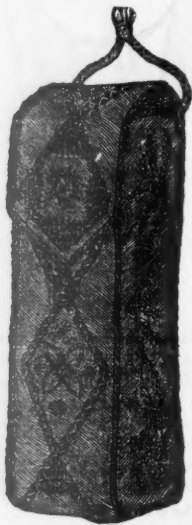
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TRICOT PATTERNS FOR JACKETS, ETC.



The pattern represented above is sometimes used as a border. It is worked with white, and tufts of the same color are sewn on, bordered with black stitches. In the spaces, six stitches apart, black beads may be placed according to design, or colored stitches of wool or silk, according to taste.

CLOTHES-BRUSH POCKET



Materials.—Twenty-four inches of drab or gray cloth, black and scarlet Andalusian wool, some narrow scarlet waved braid, narrow black braid, some fine black worsted cord, and gray lining; one button.

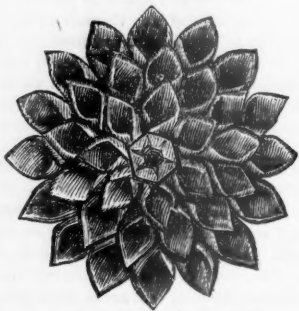
The pocket is made in three pieces. The back, front and ends are in one; the sides are put in; one end of the straight long piece is turned over to form the flap. The braid, as will be seen by referring to the design, is fastened with stitches of Andalusian wool—the black braid with scarlet, and

the scarlet braid with black stitches. The pocket must be made to suit the size of the brush for which it is intended. The strip should be about twenty-four inches long and three inches and a half wide, and the sides must be two inches and a half wide, and about seven inches long. When the separate parts are joined, the pocket must be lined and a cord sewn round. This cord also forms a string to hang the pocket by, and a loop to fasten the flap to the button.

INTERLACED INITIAL.



DAHLIA ROSETTE.



Rosettes are now so popular for the ornamentation of dresses, suits, and cloaks, that we represent one of the most admired ways of making them in this number. The Dahlia rosette is very beautiful, composed either of satin or silk; it is formed by a series of leaves. Each leaf is made as follows:—“Take a half square of the material, the size you desire, and fold in the sides to a point; neatly seam or tack the edges together upon the under side; when this is done, turn in the corners at the base to make a hollow petal; one corner should overlap the other. The centre is finished with a jet or covered button.”

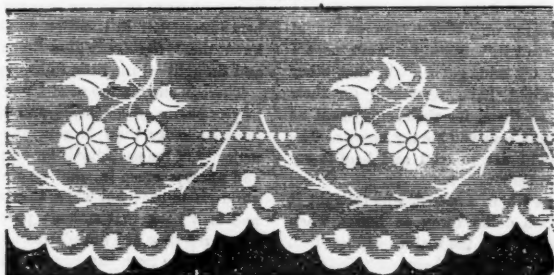


House costume of gray spring silk; double skirt, the under gores and quite plain; the upper is cut out in vandyked gores, with a slight indication of a point between to supply a foundation for the second row of trimming; the latter is made of a rich shade of green silk and narrow black lace.

INITIALS.



EDGING.



NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PALACE AND COTTAGE; or, Young America in France and Switzerland. A Story of Travel and Adventure. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This, the fifth, and last but one, of the "Young America Abroad Series," continues the narrative of the doings of the Academy Squadron in French waters, and relates the journey of the students to Paris and through a portion of Switzerland. Interwoven with the instructive facts in regard to the history, geography, and social and political peculiarities of the countries visited by the young students, is an exciting and well-told story, which boys will read with interest, and which will prove to them at once a lesson and a warning. To be procured of Turner & Bros., 808 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

TWILIGHT STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE. By Mrs. Louise E. Vickroy Boyd. Philadelphia: Daughaday & Becker, No. 424 Walnut St.

A very pleasant collection of little stories for "little folks everywhere;" some in prose, some in rhyme, and still others in an amusing combination of both. There is a quaint, poetic spirit, a tender appreciation of nature, about these stories, which of themselves win our favor; and we doubt not the "little folks" will be delighted with their bright, cheery flow, and their charming prattle of birds, and flowers, and all the various objects that make out-door life so pleasant to children. The moral tone of the book is healthy, and stimulating to the

growth of all the better, kindlier, and more amiable traits of the child-nature.

THE FOUR PILLARS OF TEMPERANCE. By John W. Kirton, author of "Buy Your Own Cherries," etc., etc. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House, 172 William Street.

A volume which cannot fail to do much good in advancing the cause of Temperance. Written in a scholarly manner, and basing its arguments on reason, science, the sacred Scriptures, and experience, it conclusively demonstrates that total abstinence is necessary for the moral and physical advancement of man; whilst intemperance—under which term moderate drinking is included—must assuredly lead to his degradation in both these respects. We know of no book so full of compressed argument on the temperance question as this, and every friend of the good cause should possess himself of a copy.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

Those who have never seen a copy of the "Overland Monthly," now in its second volume, have probably formed no true estimate of the advance of literature on our Pacific shores. Its contents, fresh, varied, and sparkling, and embracing stories, essays on leading topics of the day, poetry and reviews, are of the highest order, and obtain for it a leading position among American periodicals. The American News Company, 121 Nassau street, New York, are the General Agents for the Eastern States.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

MESSERS. T. S. ARTHUR & SONS:—On Christmas, 1866, our little daughter, who was about four and a half years old, received a year's subscription to "The Children's Hour," as a Christmas present. Each number afforded her fresh delight, and she would come in from the office, her face bright and happy, and "now mamma, dear, take me on your lap, please, and read me my little 'Lady's Godey's Book,'" (which was the name she had for the "Hour.") She would sit and listen to the stories as long as mamma or any one else would read, and then tell them to her little friends in her own way. In July, after a few days sickness, she passed away, and her regret was, that "Mamma would have nobody to read it." Within a week past I thought I would try and get a club, that other little children might have something for their mothers to read to them, for their enjoyment as well as improvement, and you see my success. The extra number I will use to read and lend to my little friends when they visit me.

There were some whom I asked, who thought it useless to "throw a dollar away on books, when children can't read," but the majority subscribed. A great number of the people here are "Friends,"

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and they take their own publication—"The Children's Friend."

MESSERS. ARTHUR & SONS:—I must thank you for the exquisite picture received yesterday as a premium. I am greatly in your debt now, being overpaid for any trouble in getting up the club, but will cancel it by recommending your book to every family of my acquaintance where there are children; though I have been doing that all the while, being so much pleased with it in my own family. It is the first book or paper of any kind I ever urged others to subscribe for—I am always afraid of being blamed if satisfaction was not given; but I knew the "Children's Hour" couldn't disappoint, and thought all the little folks ought to have it.

There is one feature of it I particularly like—its perfect purity of language—and this is more rare in juvenile books than is generally supposed. In a majority of the periodicals for children, slang words and phrases creep in, that we wouldn't permit our children to use; but when they see them printed, and in a book that mamma puts into their hands, of course they are not shocked, as they would be to hear them from bad boys and men on the street.

I don't mean real profanity, but expressions that pave the way for it if habitually used. Not long since my little boy, when reading aloud, stopped suddenly, and looked up—"Mamma, must I say it?" It was some word or expression of doubtful propriety. But your book is entirely free from anything of the kind.

I don't think you will lose a single subscriber next year, but rather gain. I will let all see my picture, or my little girl's rather, as she claims it, the Magazine being her's exclusively.

T. S. ARTHUR & SONS:—Enclosed please find the sum of two dollars and sixty cents, the amount still due on subscriptions forwarded in a letter of this date.

May God bless you in your noble work. I believe, and know that your magazines are doing great good in the world. While avoiding the light, trashy literature found in many other magazines, yours combines the useful, with an undercurrent of morality and piety so interwoven, as to be deeply interesting, attractive, and often thrilling, with its touching tenderness and truthfulness.

A subscriber says:—"Some of my friends and myself, by exchanging, have had the benefit this year of *five* first-class magazines, regularly, and are all unanimous in pronouncing '*The Hollands*' far superior to any other serial in them."

Speaking of the "*Children's Hour*," another writes:—"Your little magazine has been my little eight years' old monthly joy for the past two years, and is, I truly hope, a great help in leading him in the upward way. Its contents are, indeed, as stated, pure, sweet and holy, and my own heart is often softened by the tone of its articles. I continue it this year for my little ones, and the other copies are for special premium for some of my Sunday-School children."

A little boy writes us from Maryland:—"Sister takes '*Peterson*,' and thinks it elegant. Ma says there is no magazine like your '*Home Magazine*:' but I would not give your '*Children's Hour*' for all of them." His mother adds—"I wish to write and thank you for the blessed influence, which the excellent teachings of your gem of magazines has exerted on the young hearts of my children."

T. S. ARTHUR & SONS:—A little one standing beside me, says—"Auntie, who makes my book?" "Mr. Arthur." "Auntie, tell Missa Offa, I wonda if he is half as nice as his little book what he sends me is?" Auntie don't know; but she remembers, "By their *fruits* ye shall know them"—and answers—"Yes, I guess so." "Well, if witin' books makes people good, I'se doin' to make one state off!"

"So there my little three year old sits, pencil and paper in hand, busily 'witin' a book to send to Missa Offa, so he can pwint it, and make weadin' in it, and put lots of nice picies in, too, so all the little guls can see 'em, and the nice little boys, too; but the *kisses* isn't to the little boys anyhow, and they isn't to the little guls neiza—they's to *Missa Offa*, cause he's good."

This little one evidently feels under great obligations to her friend, Mr. Arthur, for sending her the "*Hour*," and knows of no other way of canceling the debt, than by sending him her manuscript, which I have promised to inclose; hoping he will understand her language, and be able to decipher her hieroglyphics.

We have yet to receive the first word of dissatisfaction with regard to our premium engraving, "*THE ANGEL OF PEACE*." On the other hand, the letters which speak its praise are numerous, indeed. One of the many who write us in praise of it, says:—"My picture is received, and I am happily disappointed in finding it larger and more beautiful than I anticipated."

Another writes:—"Your picture, '*The Angel of Peace*,' exceeds my highest expectations."

Still another says:—"I received my premium, '*The Angel of Peace*,' Christmas morning. It was the most beautiful Christmas present I ever received."

And still another:—"I received the copy of '*The Angel of Peace*,' for which accept my most sincere thanks. I shall not attempt to describe its beauties, as words would fail. I will only say that it surpasses the imagination, and cannot be appreciated unless seen."

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"LAND, HO!"

MRS. JAMESON, in one of her delightful books, says that in Venice "there are court-yards, close-shut, shadowy, overgrown with vines or roses; cool, silent, picturesque recesses."

I have sometimes thought, when we look down into the great city of the past, and behold the hurrying to and fro, and catch the din and roar of the generations which have been and are not, our thoughts, too, need just such "cool, silent breathing places" as these court-yards of Venice.

We are blinded and deafened by these people en masse—it is not numbers which bring us into close sympathy with the living or the dead. We hear of thousands starving in India, and we shake our heads and sigh; but, after all, it is too much as though we heard of wars and rumors of wars in the moon. But let one small, half-famished child lift up to us its peaked face, and its blue, pinched hands, and our hearts are melted within us for pity.

So we instinctively dramatize our history. We turn away from the millions to a few groups, a few

grand, central figures, around which cluster our interests and sympathies, into whose lives of strength and weakness, of courage and infirmity, of struggle, and sorrow, and triumph, our souls enter, as though all this were a part of themselves.

There is a name dear to every American heart; it is, perhaps, next to our Washington's, the earliest historical one which is lisped in our childish lessons, and about it, as we grow older, gathers all the romance of our boyish and girlish dreams and enthusiasms; and later still, when we are men and women, the name of Christopher Columbus is linked with precious memories of our childhood, of the first little history lessons at our mother's knee, or on the bench at school, and with old scenes, and faces, and things, that will never come back to us again.

Yet, reading the life of our hero, one must perforce exclaim with Carlyle—"What a way the world has had of dealing with its benefactors!"

It dealt so hardly with the grand old Genoese, it followed him with such a ruthless, pitiless, cruel fate, that one is glad when the great, noble, tired heart, hunted to the end, breaks at last, and death comes kindly and takes him away into his own peace.

Yet, what a sublime faith and courage must have been inwrought with the soul of this man from the beginning! As one paces at night with him the shores of his lonely island home at Porto Santo, where he looks off to the great, solemn, tumbling sea, and questions what is beyond that horizon, one feels how the idea grew slowly upon the man's soul, of the fair, vast garden-lands lying afar to the west, and how at last this idea so possessed him, that no poverty nor toil, no hope deferred, no wreck of fortune nor waste of years, no scorn, nor obloquy, nor cruel wrong, could wrest his belief from him—it was the life of his life. Look at those hours of weary waiting at the foot of the throne at Portugal, the hot impatience that had to be curbed as he felt the years which held the fire of his strength, the prime of his manhood slipping slowly away, while dogged, and insolent, and hostile juntas and councils, before whom he was arraigned, treated his projects with contempt, or himself as an imposter.

At last, worn out with delays, and outraged with the bad faith of the monarch, he turned to Spain. We all know what awaited him there. From beginning to end of their royal line, did ever one generous impulse thrill the soul of a crowned king of Spain? Have they not all been cold and crafty, bigoted and avaricious, false and faithless?

We follow Columbus in the train of the Spanish Court, from Cordova to Salamanca and Malaga. We see him before the University of Salamanca and the Council of Seville, while scoffs and indignities are heaped upon him on every side; tormenting suspense and tantalizing promises wearing out his life; ignorance, stupidity, malice, poverty, all doing their worst on the brave, lonely, panting heart of the great Genoese, until he finds at last

that as he walks the streets "the little children point at him as a madman."

Better days came at last; but not until Columbus had drained to the dregs the cup of hope deferred, and with its last bitterness had set his face towards France. His life was waning; its best years had already dropped away, and in the old age that was gathering upon him, it is wonderful how this man's heart held to its faith, like the needle to its polarity, and the golden islands of the west still called him across wide, blue spaces of waters.

At last Isabella came to the rescue. All honor to her for it; though one wishes she could have been less concerned in saving the souls of the Moors and Jews in her domains by crunching their bodies; but that was the fault of her age and counsellors, rather than of her own heart, brave and noble where superstition had not ulcerated it.

We return with Columbus on his mule to Granada. The standard of Spain floats on the highest tower of the Alhambra. Salvoes of artillery and songs of triumph fill the air. All the flower of her chivalry, her bards and minstrels, her prelates in their shining robes, her knights in their glittering armor, are all holding the greatest jubilee Spain has ever witnessed; for at last, after eight hundred years of warfare, her triumph over the infidel is won.

But a tall, melancholy figure, with sad, half-contemptuous eyes, gazes on the pageant. It is Christopher Columbus!

But the morning dawned for him also—that morning for which he had waited so long, and which came so late; and the three little crazy vessels sailed out of the small harbor of Palos, in search of the New World.

We have all followed, entranced, in our childhood, that voyage of Columbus across the Atlantic. We know the vast, silent horizons of sky and sea into which he entered; the long, soft, golden days of those southern latitudes; the superstitious terrors of the crew; the mutterings of the disaffected; the slowly gathering mutiny; the anxieties, and persecutions, and perils that chafed the heart of the commander; we know his patience, and wisdom, and courage, until that last midnight, through whose darkness there rang a cry from the mast-head, which must have seemed to those who heard it like the voice of the Angel of the Resurrection—"Land, ho!"

Then, as the sun of that early autumn morning arose, and the Island of St. Salvador lifted herself out of the blue deep, embosomed in trees, and beautiful with tropical verdure, and fragrant as a garden of the Lord, with spice woods and blossoming flowers, who has not entered into the glory, the exultation, the ecstasy of joy and gratitude, which filled the soul of Christopher Columbus in that crowning hour of his labor and his life!

A few years later, there was another scene on that very island—a scene of such monstrous shame and outrage that it makes one's soul burn to recall

it. An old man, worn with toils and infirmities, has been brought out of prison, loaded with chains, and followed by the shouts and hootings of a mob; he is hurried down to the vessel which waits to carry him to Spain. And this man, half anticipating they are hurrying him to the gallows, in the midst of howl, and taunt, and jeer, is Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of the New World!

No wonder that he kept those chains hung up by his bedside to the day of his death.

Three hundred years have passed away, and from that very island off which the discoverer was hustled in chains, he is borne once more. A few poor old bones and some mould, are all they have left of him. But, oh! they cannot honor these enough now, as they lie in state under velvet pall, and lace and fringes of gold! And amid the waving of banners, the roar of artillery, the loud music, the long processions, headed by archbishop and governor, the soldiers treading to the funeral chant, the beating of drums, and the braying of trumpets, the old bones and the mould, in which centuries ago beat the strong, lion old heart, are borne away to their honored rest at Cuba.

And this is the world's late justice. If he could have been there and seen it all, he would have looked on with his proud, sad, patient smile. And it is only human to wish that he could rise up amongst us some day, and that we could show him the great world that he gave us, and how his name is hallowed in the thoughts and hearts of a nation mightier than the grandest of his dreams. We feel we would like to say to him, "Your old enemies, Ferdinand the crafty, and Touseca the false, and Bobadilla the bad, are all gone now; they can hunt and harrow you no more with their envy, and malice, and power."

But the noble nature harbored no revenges, and the great, tired soul, and the broken heart, of Christopher Columbus, have seen long ago the shores fairer than San Salvador, and shouted the "Land, ho!" of eternity.

V. F. T.

A PHILADELPHIA ENGRAVER.

The "Evening Bulletin" and "Press" have, we are pleased to see, recognized in Mr. James W. Lauderbach, of this city, an engraver worthy to interpret the best designs of the best artists. If they had looked even casually through the "*Home Magazine*" and "*Children's Hour*," for the past two years, they would have long ago discovered this great excellence that now so delights them. The Bulletin says:—

"Mr. James W. Lauderbach is already favorably known for his thoroughly artistic interpretations of some of the finest designs issued in America. But he has excelled himself in the cut intended for the March number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, which we believe any competent and disinterested critic would pronounce about the best native magazine illustration yet issued. The picture (illustrating the charming tale by Mrs. Wister) is a garden scene, with two of Bensell's grotesque figures of

old folks eavesdropping behind some shrubbery. The expressive countenances of the pair, and the screen of trees which forms the background, are treated with remarkable fineness and feeling. Mr. E. B. Bensell, the artist, and the publishers also, ought to be well satisfied with an engraver like Mr. Lauderbach, who has proved that *Lippincott's Monthly* can be exalted among American illustrated periodicals without any necessity of sending to other cities for the minutest portion of its work."

The "*Home Magazine*" and "*Children's Hour*" have been thus "exalted" for the past two years. Mr. Lauderbach has, during that time, "interpreted" for their pages some of the most exquisite and artistic designs that have appeared in any magazines, English or American. We have long regarded him as the best engraver in the country, and are rejoiced at the recognition so tardily made by our daily press, never very quick to see merit at home.

"TELLING THE OLD STORY."

This beautiful engraving is one that will speak for itself. The young it will remind of the hopes and fears that even now are agitating their hearts. To the aged, it may recall those days of "unutterable joy and rapturous sorrow," when

"The world was nothing;
Pleasure was nothing; suffering was nothing;
Ambition, riches, praise, power, all were nothing;
Love ruled and reigned despotic and alone!"

And, as we look upon the picture, we can imagine the fond lover addressing the coy, yet not displeased maiden, in language which may be happily interpreted by one of Moir's little songs—

"Give me but thy love, and I
Envy none beneath the sky!
Pains and perils I defy
If thy presence cheer me,
Give me but thy love, my sweet!
Joy shall bless us when we meet;
Pleasures come, and cares retreat,
When thou smilest near me.

"What are all the joys of earth?
What are revelry and mirth?
Vacant blessings—nothing worth
To hearts that ever knew love.
What is all the pomp of state?
What the grandeur of the great,
To the raptures that await
On the path of true love?

"Should joy our days and years illumine,
How sweet with thee to share such doom!
Nor, oh! less sweet, should sorrow come,
To cherish and caress thee.
Then while I live, then till I die,
Oh! be thou only smiling by;
And while I breathe, I'll fondly try
With all my heart to bless thee."

Mrs. A. ST. JOHN, of Rochester, says that during the past ten years she has made more than 3,500 vests with her Wheeler & Wilson machine, besides doing her family sewing, and that she has made over 1,200 vests with the needle now in use.

THE FAIRVILLE SEWING MACHINE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

We have printed this story by the author of "TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM," in a cheap tract, for the use of all who feel interest enough in the temperance cause to give it a circulation in their neighborhood.

This tract shows how in twenty weeks twenty-five sewing machines were bought in Fairville with the money saved from the grog-shop. In the words of the story—"In just twenty weeks from the day Peterkin rallied the hard-drinkers of Fairville to make a stand against the common enemy, the pleasant music of twenty-five sewing machines was heard in twenty-five dwellings, where the silence of hopeless toil, or patient endurance, had too often only been broken by bitter reproaches and angry abuse. Words are too feeble to paint what all this involves—all of comfort and hope, of peace and rest, and joy in life."

Reader, do you feel an interest in the cause of Temperance? If so, and you can see in this tract a means of good, send for fifty or one hundred copies, and circulate them in your town or neighborhood. The cost will be trifling; the good may be incalculable.

A "Sewing Machine Temperance Society" in every town! Think of it! Fight the enemy on this line, and many a Tom Blinn will have to "pull up stakes," and try his luck somewhere else.

Twenty-five copies will be sent by mail for fifty cents. Fifty copies for seventy-five cents. One hundred copies for one dollar and twenty-five cents.

CABINET ORGANS.

The success of the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company, now the largest manufacturers of instruments of this class in the world, producing and finding a demand for an average of one hundred and twenty-five organs *per week*, illustrates what can be done by energetic and persevering pursuit of right principles in business. The following are what may be said to be *Articles of their Constitution*, kept always in view, and never deviated from:

1. Excellence in the manufactured article must never be sacrificed to economy and cost. *The best, only and always.*

2. No degree of superiority shall be considered satisfactory as long as improvement is possible.

3. The use of every valuable invention and real improvement must be obtained, at whatever cost.

4. Productions to be sold at lowest possible prices; these to be printed and offered to all alike, thus dealing fairly and impartially with the public.

This company have expended an immense amount in experiments for improvements, in which they have been greatly successful, developing, enlarging, improving, and adding to the well-known Melodeons of former times, until they have become the magnificent MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS of the present, to which was awarded the Paris Exposition Medal for superiority last year.

They have just introduced an important improve-

ment, the MASON & HAMLIN IMPROVED VOX HUMANA, a beautiful invention, which is said to be as great an advance upon the *Vox Humana* already used as the Cabinet Organ is upon the Melodeon. They also announce important reduction in prices, offering their Organs at prices which are even less than those commonly demanded for inferior workmanship. This is the natural result of their greatly increased facilities for manufacture, and fixed rule to sell at smallest profit.

HOME FOR LITTLE WANDERERS.

At the anniversary exercises of the Philadelphia Home for Little Wanderers, recently held in the Academy of Music, we were glad to see the house crowded to its full capacity. The occasion was one of the deepest interest; and the large attendance, and liberal contributions, showed how wide and rapid was the growth of Christian benevolence in the hearts of the people. The number of children received into the Home during the year was 328. Present number, 185. Average daily number clothed and fed, 140. Placed in homes for adoption, 63. Over one hundred of these children were present at the Academy, and sang frequently during the exercise. Few who were there will ever forget the scene.

ANOTHER WAR.

The Bunker Hill battle of a new revolution has, it is claimed, been fought in Perryville, Ohio. This new war is to be a woman's war, waged physically as well as morally, against rum. A correspondent of the New York Tribune thus chronicles the event:—

"The war of women against whisky has commenced in Perryville, Ashland County, Ohio. A man opened a rum-shop in that place recently, and the women did not like it. They proposed to buy him out; but as he intended to build up a large trade, he refused to sell. The women, however, were determined that he should not remain; and so, since he refused the very liberal terms they offered, they formed in line, and, with axes on their shoulders, marched to his place, and deliberately broke in the heads of all his barrels. Of course, the man was angry, and brought a suit in the county court; but was beaten, after incurring heavy expense. The people of this part of Ohio honestly think that the next war in this country will be between the women and whisky; and though there may not be much bloodshed, you may rest assured rum will flow freely in the gutters."

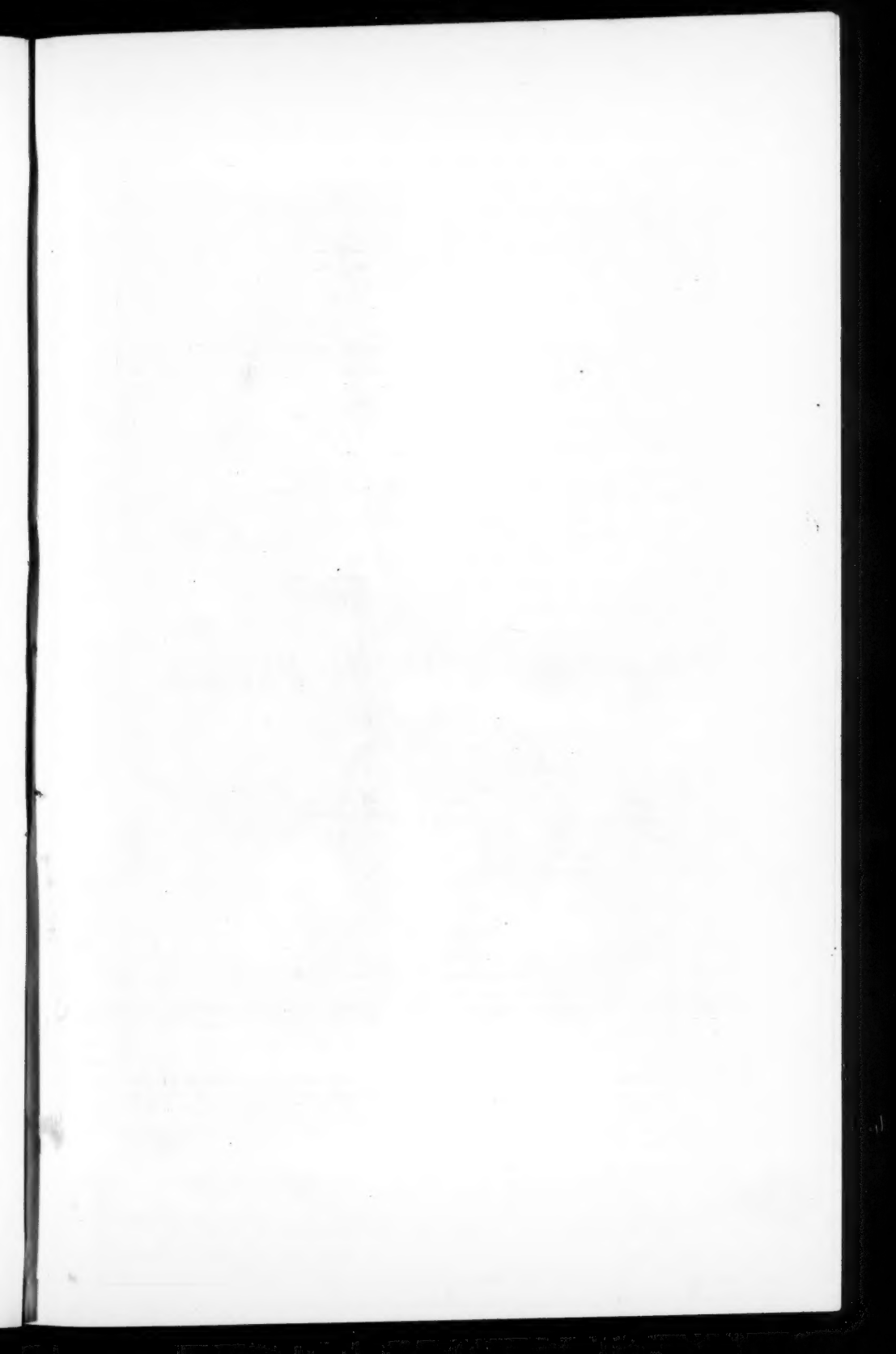
GOOD BOOKS FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARIES.—

"*The Children's Hour*," in four beautifully bound volumes. Each volume contains 196 double column pages of the purest and best reading for children, and is illustrated with over thirty-five engravings.

Price \$1 a volume. Sent by mail, post paid, to any address. Four volumes will be sent for \$3.50.

There are no cheaper, more beautiful, or more desirable books for children than these.

Subscribers to the Home Magazine can order "*The Children's Hour*" for \$1. "*Once a Month*" for \$1.50; or the "*Angel of Peace*," for \$1.





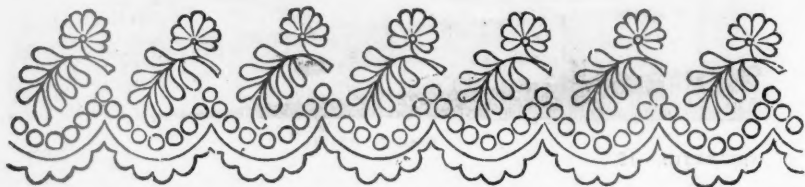
THE UNWILLING SCHOLAR.





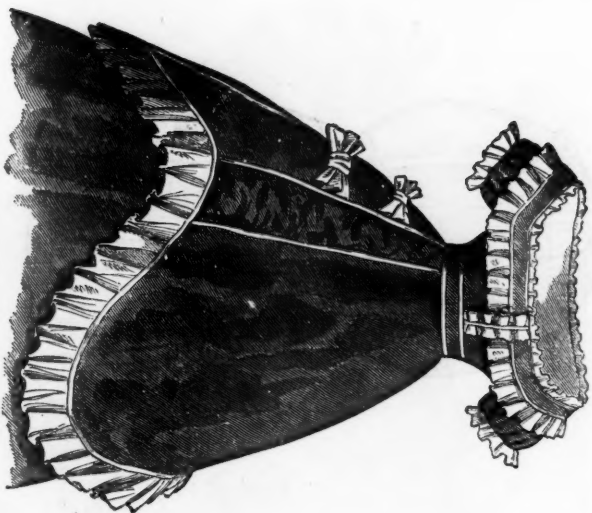
TIGHT-FITTING PALETOT

Of black silk, with small cardinal-shaped cape, looped up at the back, and trimmed with a large plaited piece of silk, ornamented with a Maltese lace rosette. The paletot is trimmed round with fringe and satin rouleaux. The scab is ornamented with satin rouleaux. Rice-straw hat, with a bird on one side. White spotted tulle veil.



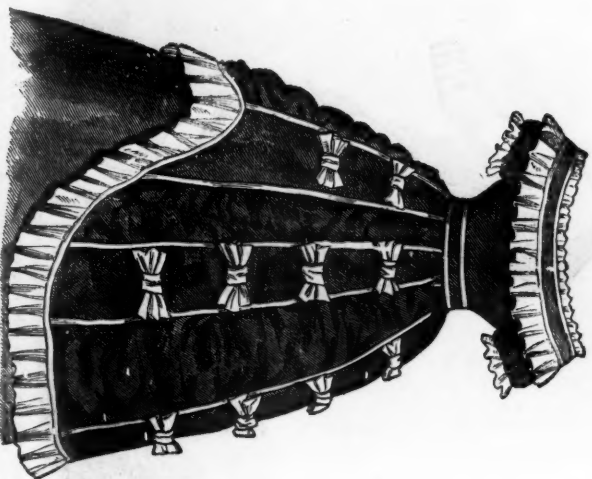
EMBROIDERY PATTERN.

FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



This is suitable for silk or grenadine. The foundation requires to be in one color and the trimming of silk in another. It is composed of the deep, four flutings, and in pairs, these flutings are ornamented with bows, and the edge with a box-plaited ruffle, the low body is trimmed

OVERSKIRT (Front and Back View).

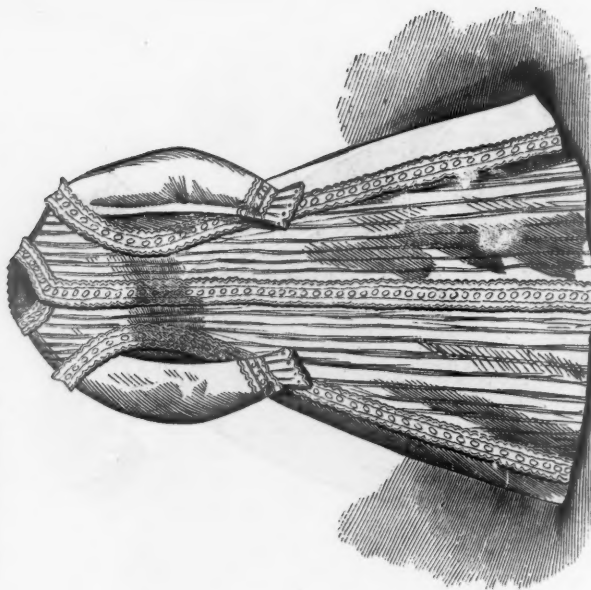


to correspond with piping and ruffles. A very effective contrast of colors would be a lavender dress and a black skirt, or a black dress and a lavender skirt. The skirt is trimmed with a black and green is also desirable; a line of box-plaiting divides the front of the body.

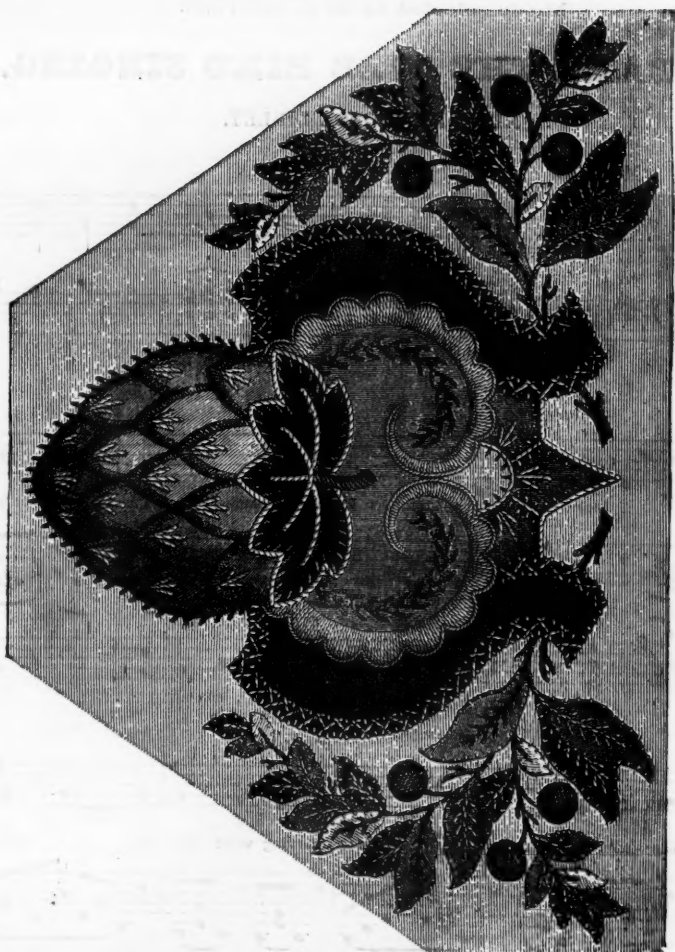
FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



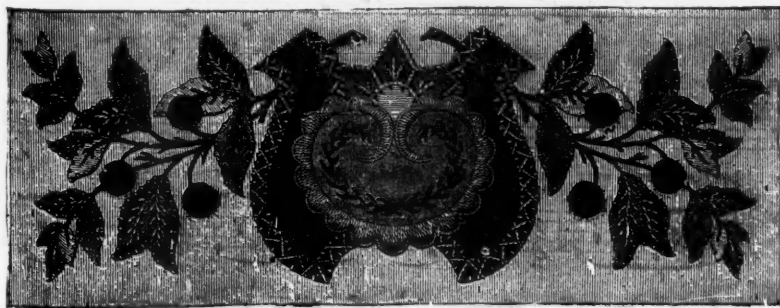
WALKING-COSTUME of mohair, silk or poplin, trimmed with ruching of silk in a contrasting color; the underskirt is finished out with a flounce laid in flat plaits, all turning in one direction, and a line of ruching at the top; the overskirt describes a round apron and deep round tunic, the latter being gathered up in horizontal folds under a bow composed of four fans. Sleeveless sack, bordered like the overskirt, with a box-plaited ruffle and silk ruching; the ruffle upon the skirt is front, three to three and a half inches deep, and the neck and armholes upon the bodice are finished in front and back with the same ruffle. The skirt is cut in a fan box, and another occurs on each hip where the sides are joined; flat folds of silk on the dress sleeve.



NIJOUR DRESS or robe de chambre of white cambric or lace, trimmed with embroidery and Valenciennes lace; the style is that of a long garment with a hem two inches wide at the bottom; the front is tucked perpendicularly between a border of inserting, finished with a lace frill upon either side; the tucking and border describes a square yoke upon the back of the body; the sleeves are set in plain, and just wide enough at the bottom to pass the hand through; a frill of wide lace falls below the cuff.



TOE PART OF SLIPPER IN CLOTH APPLIQUE.



BACK OF SLIPPER IN CLOTH APPLIQUE.

SLIPPER IN CLOTH APPLIQUE.—The material of the slipper is gray cloth; the patterns are worked in applique, in black and colored cloth, sewn on with colored purse silk. The stitch to be worked can be seen in illustration. The slipper can be made of any other color, according to taste.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

I HEARD THE WEE BIRD SINGING.

MUSIC BY GEORGE LINLEY.

Moderato.

PIANO.

f

I heard a wee bird singing, In my chamber as I lay, The

p

rit.

case - ment o - pen swinging, As morning woke the day, And the

rit.

a tempo.

boughs around were twin - - ing, The bright sun thro' them shin - - ing, And

a tempo.

rall. a tempo.

I had long been pi - - ning For my Wil - lie far a - - way; When I

rall. a tempo.

heard that wee bird singing, When I heard that wee bird sing-ing, That

Più lento. a tempo.

wee bird, that wee bird, When I heard that wee bird sing-ing.

più lento. a tempo. rit.

He heard the wee bird singing,
For its notes were wond'rous clear
As if wedding-bells were ringing,
Melodious to the ear;
And still it rang, that wee bird's song,
Just like the bells, ding dong, ding dong,
While my heart beat time so quick and strong,
I felt that he was near.
Ah! he heard that wee bird singing,
Ah! he heard that wee bird singing,
That wee bird, that wee bird,
Ah! he heard that wee bird singing,

We heard the wee bird singing
After many years had flown,
The true bells had been ringing,
And Willie was my own;
Oft strolling through the forest glade
I mind him what the wee bird said
That morn, when he no longer stray'd,
But flew to me alone.
Oh! we love the wee bird singing,
Oh! we love the wee bird singing,
That wee bird, that wee bird,
Oh! we love the wee bird singing.



EMBROIDERY PATTERN.



MORNING DRESS

Of spotted claret and white foulard, trimmed with claret-colored buttons, rouleaux and tassels.
(260)